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AUGUST 1923

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With Richard Dix and Lois Wilson. Supported by Frank Campeau and Noah Beery. Directed by Victor Fleming. Adapted by Doris Schroeder.

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Owen Moore and Robert Edeson. From the story by Maximilian Foster. Screen play by Sada Cowan.

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POLA NEGRI in "The Cheat"
With Jack Holt. Supported by Charles deRoche. Adapted by Ouida Bergere—from the story by Hector Turnbull.

GLORIA SWANSON in
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"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"
Screen version by Sada Cowan. From Charlton Andrews' adaptation of Alfred Savoir's play.

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Screen play by A. S. LeVino.

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Editor

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VOL. VII

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All New York marveled!

at the roselike complexion of the famous Spanish beauty *Cristina Montt*



Even blasé New York marveled! When this dainty Senorita who had come from sunny Spain to make her American film début, stepped off the liner, spontaneous exclamations of wonderment came from the welcoming throng. At the docks—hotels—and studios—all wondered at the saintly beauty of the complexion of this great Spanish film star.

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Great Western Producing Co.	6100 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
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Metro Studio	Romaine and Cahuenga Ave., Hollywood
Morosco Productions	3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles
Bud Osborne Productions	6514 Romaine Street, Hollywood
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Pacific Film Co.	Culver City
Principal Pictures	United Studios, Hollywood
R. D. Film Corp.	Balboa Studios, Long Beach
Chas. Ray Studios	Hollywood, Cal.
Realart Studio	201 N. Occidental, Los Angeles
Robertson-Cole Productions	Melrose and Gower, Hollywood
Russel-Griever-Russell	6070 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
Hal E. Roach Studio	Culver City
Morris R. Schlank Productions	6050 Sunset, Hollywood
Jos. Schenck Prod.	United Studios, Hollywood
Schulberg Productions	3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles
Sennett Studios	Edendale, Los Angeles
Selig-Rork	3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles
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King Vidor Prod.	Ince Studios, Culver City
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Warner Bros. Studio	Sunset & Bronson, Hollywood
Ben Wilson Productions	Berwilla Studios, East Long Beach, Calif.

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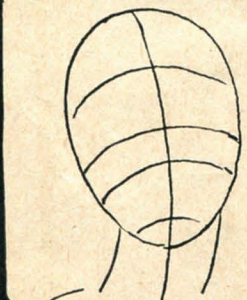
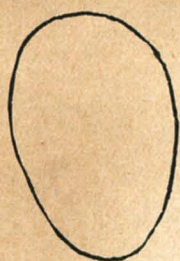
NEXT month, the first of a new series of covers by Rolf Armstrong will appear on **SCREENLAND MAGAZINE**.

Mr. Armstrong's work is already familiar to magazine readers everywhere. His magnificent pastel portraits are regularly seen on the front covers of the *Saturday Evening Post* and other periodicals.

In presenting Mr. Armstrong's work, we have adopted a new form of front cover design—so that his work will stand out, unmarred by lettering or editorial announcements. This will permit the many admirers of the artist's work to clip the covers and save them. They will constitute the most perfect, full cover art studies of present day picture celebrities that it is possible to obtain.

We are anxious to familiarize the many friends of this magazine with the new form of cover, and we have consequently reproduced a small facsimile of it at the head of this column.

Familiarize yourself with the appearance of this cover, so that you will not miss it when it comes out. Watch for the September **SCREENLAND** on the newsstand—ready August first.



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"Aimed Straight at Your Heart— —And It Hits The Mark"

(New York World)

The Critics Think it is Unusual and Great

"One of the 'biggest' pictures made in years because it is so very, very human—comes as near being a REAL picture as we have seen in years"
—(*Don Allen in N. Y. Evening World*).

"It easily ranks with the most important pictures made in America. The acting is magnificent; as fine as the screen can boast"—(*N. Y. Sun*).

"Try as you will to resist its appeal, it will make you smile, weep and laugh. . . . We think it is the best picture Mr. Griffith has made since 'The Birth of a Nation'"—(*N. Y. Journal*).

"Boldly tearing away the old dual standards of morality, 'The White Rose', is one of the finest things D. W. Griffith has ever made. It is inspiring and moving"—(*Quinn Martin in N. Y. World*).

"A singularly fine picture, the treatment of the big dramatic moments is superb. It is beautified and exalted by the presence of that exquisite creature, Mae Marsh, the divinely inspired"
—(*Robert Sherwood in N. Y. Herald*).

"'The White Rose' has brought a great joy to me, as it will bring, I am sure, to innumerable other people."
—(*Jane Cowl, "The Juliet of the century" and foremost actress*).

"Griffith is a great poet with 'The White Rose'."
—(*Max Reinhardt, the famous European producer for the stage*).

"This latest Griffith production should prove an attractive box office attraction, specially pleasing to those who have a penchant for pictures which bring a lump to the throat and a tear to the eye."
—(*Exhibitors' Herald*).

"This picture is a sermon, poem and great love drama, all in one, with laughter full of tears. It sends one home with something unforgettable, with a heart hunger for a better humanity."—(*Sophie Irene Loeb, Pres. Child Welfare Board of N. Y. and famous Publicist*).

**This picture has two features of great appeal,
the story of a girl who couldn't stop loving . . .
and a new, striking character in screen drama,
THE FALLEN MAN, who suffers with the fallen girl.**

D. W. GRIFFITH'S

"The White Rose"

For Release by the United Artists Corporation



MARIE PREVOST
BY ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON



GLENN HUNTER
By ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON



BETTY BLYTHE
By ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON



CORRINE GRIFFITH
By ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

Movie Directors are not feminists; that's why they believe that the place of

MOVIE MAMAS

is in the home

Says Marie Gantier

A GIRL'S best friend is her mother, according to tradition and the old song. The exception to the rule is occasionally when the girl happens to be a movie star.

Some mamas of the movies are famous. Others are infamous.

To the average person, the movie mama is a keen, cunning, cold person, exploiting her fair, tender daughter for the lure of gold; flaunting her in the face of licentious producers; browbeating; elbowing casting men; pushing the young thing forward, step by step toward fame and fortune, and with each step herself acquiring brass, embonpoint and facial characteristics as lovable as those of a Gila monster.

Such is the movie mama to the lay mind.

Is the lay mind right, Mr. Gallagher?

Absotively, Mr. Shean! In some cases!

Round the inner circles of screen society there goes rolling, like the ivory balls on a roulette wheel, gossip relative to mamas of all kinds; hard-boiled, medium and raw. Wherever film folk congregate to sip bootleg and "dish the dirt", they have a few lines to swap anent the relations of the picture actress and her mother.

A Classic Example

"MINTER'S mother was turrible!" So spoke a certain assistant camera man, with the unbiased point of view of a dispassionate nobody. On the lot, by the way, stars are invariably spoken of—not to—by their last name, sans respectable prefixes.

"She was turrible! The way she butted in around the lot was enough to spoil Mamie's career!"

It is common Hollywood talk that the mother of pretty Mary Miles Minter is the classic example of the dominating movie mother. It is generally conceded that Mrs. Minter's shrewd business sense negotiated her daughter's Paramount contract, by which she is said to have received the noble salary of \$7000 each and every week. And it was well for Mary Miles that she did have her mother to back her.

The lure of gold and the lure of girl are the obsession of the screen today. The girl symbolizes that youth and beauty that all the world's a-chasing. Being young, she's immature. She generally makes up in beauty what she lacks in gray matter. She needs someone with keen business acumen to haggle over a contract with business men sharp enough to stand behind a ten million dollar concern.

Hollywood stands in awe before Mrs. Shelby's *coup* in landing the big Paramount contract for Mary Miles, on the strength of Mary Miles' golden curls and her faint resemblance to Mary Pickford. And the same gossips chuckle over the tidbit that "so tightly was the noose bound about the neck of the party of the second part of this contract,

that his final wiggles to escape looked frantic." There's no denying mama was bright.

In some things. But she was so desirous of retaining her daughter under her thumb, the gossips say, that she kept her under too tight a rein. She denied her natural girlish friendships. Mary Miles was not permitted to choose her own friends. Mama did this for her. Mary Miles was not permitted to handle her own money. She was a minor, and mama collected it and invested it for her.

The result was obvious in daughter's first act upon attaining her majority. She threatened suit against her mother, alleging an incorrect accounting of her great estate. She even left home for a while. Finally the matter was settled peaceably. But it would seem that when a film daughter suspects she is being exploited, good old-fashioned filial devotion dies.

"Mama Buttinsky"

ANOTHER of the dominating movie mamas is a woman who used to be a laundress, before her beautiful daughter attained stardom. She loves to be on the set, and she loves to dictate to the director. The director and producer have to be polite to her, even when their souls long to do murder. And the daughter stands it as long as she can. Then she will turn and say,

"Get out of my sight! I don't want to see you here any more!" Then she'll feel sorry and kiss her.

Who's to blame? The parent, unlettered, fat and forceful, lacks diplomacy in dealing with this child, forceful too, but not yet fat. The daughter can stand alone upon her reputation. She does not need her mother.

The scene is set for heart-break. But a star's salary is a powerful antidote for even a mother's broken heart, it seems.

Bebe's Maternal Background

THE mother of Bebe Daniels is not miscast in the part. She has had a tremendous effect on the success of her daughter by making herself a helpful background. She has learned from her own professional experience; she has dropped all of her own interests for those of her daughter. She is her chum, her balance wheel, with a wisdom that cannot but reflect in the acting and conduct of her daughter.

Those who know the story of Viola Dana and Shirley Mason truthfully assert that without the patient mother who started their stage careers when they were tots, a woman of strength and character, they would doubtless have fallen short of their present attainments as comedienues.

Likewise, Edith Roberts' mother has made the most of her childish ability for dramatics, thus preparing her for a screen career.

A Mother's Place

THE screen producer is no feminist; he has a firm conviction that a mother's place is in the home. On the set, she is often an ungodly nuisance.

Such a woman once mothered a sweet sixteen bathing beauty of the Fox Sunshine Comedies. The girl was a whiz as a dancer, but in all other respects was an absolute moron. Mother stuck closer than porous plaster to the girl. She was with her on the set, in her dressing-room, everywhere, demanding favors as rights for her daughter, gumming up the directorial works in a fashion that caused her director to lift his hands in silent prayer. Silent because he was too mad to talk.

Finally, the management gave orders that unless the girl would leave mama at home, her contract was a scrap of paper.

There are two sides to the question. Naturally a producer does not want a parent always on the job, to take sides with a spoiled daughter on every occasion. And a mother sometimes fears to leave her impetuous, susceptible daughter to parade, sometimes scantily arrayed, before actors, stage carpenters and directors, all past masters in the free masonry that obtains behind the scenes.

Agnes Ayres' Mother Is On the Job

AGNES AYRES is handled like a thoroughbred. . . . baths, massages, beautifying treatments. And it is mother who is on the job.

Agnes seldom sees her salary. Because pay hour comes at an awkward time, she lets her mother collect and deposit, then writes her checks for the bills her mother presents.

Mrs. Charlotte Pickford manipulated Mary's affairs, before Mary manifested her all-round gifts for managing. The same wise mind is undoubtedly behind Jack Pickford's advancement—the part that isn't a reflection of sister's glory. And by the way, they say that it takes both Mary and mama to extract Jack from his scrapes and to keep him from getting into more.

Mother—God Bless Her!

THE mother of Carmel Myers never causes any profanity on the part of a director.

"Some mothers are maddening to directors," explains Carmel proudly, "but not my mother. She only suggests—and then, only when the director asks for suggestions."

The chief regret of Carmel Myers is that she can't wear her mother's blouses, though since babyhood she has tyrannically taken possession of her mother's hats.

The Family Meal-ticket

THE family meal-ticket—that's what many a screen actress becomes to the mother who gives up her own ambitions to stand in the reflected glory of an ambitious child. And because she's the main support, she must be pampered, indulged and spoiled, so long as she wins bread and butter, furs and motor-cars.

There was a certain voluptuous young beauty who had reason to believe that her contract was not going to be renewed. She and mama needed the money. Daughter was long on sex appeal but short on brains; it was vice versa with mama. The mother, perhaps not realizing her limitations, sought out a man of supposed influence in the company, and delicately offered her attentions.

The man was not interested. So mama went home and sent daughter! Daughter got a more favorable reaction, but after the affair had gone its little course, the sad truth came out that mama had picked the wrong man; he had



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

C Betty Compson's mother presents Betty with her valuable good looks instead of with much invaluable advice.



C. One wonders if Agnes Ayres will be as plump and jolly-looking as Mama Ayres, a few years hence.



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

C Bebe Daniels and her grandmother. What artist could dare compete with this photograph for a study of Youth and Age!

nothing to do with extending contracts! Such bad judgment.

Sometimes a girl breaks her mother's heart—and the mother can do nothing. Witness the tragic face of one mother, whose daughter stays out o' nights. She drinks and carouses and boldly comes back to her hotel rooms in broad daylight with a male companion.

"I wish she'd marry," sighs the mother. "It might cure her." But she's not yet married—or cured.

Where's Papa?

THE more unbearable may become the life of such a mother because she's alone. The movie Papa usually figures in a fade-out, since as a bread winner he can't compete with flapper daughter. One of the unsolved mysteries of Hollywood is, "Where are the movie papas?" There's no such animal!

The scintillating exception is Papa Coogan. Many a fond Mama who has hawked her little screen boy or girl all over film land asserts with burning heart that her "young un" is just as deserving a whopping contract as is Jackie—only Jackie's Papa was a good bargainer.

In filmdom this sentiment is called professional jealousy.

Likewise are there few sons whose mothers stand out as having influenced their careers beyond boyhood. Harold Goodwin's mother, strong, sweet, is one of the exceptions.

The mother of Patsy Ruth Miller looks as young as her daughter. She keeps up with everything that can in any way further the astonishing career of her daughter. She leaves no stone unturned. Perhaps that is one reason why Patsy Ruth has been leaping up the ladder so swiftly.

Shall Stars Marry?

MAY McAVOY was about to enter into the holy bonds of wedlock, the gossips say, and of all suitors, one Eddie Sutherland was the most favored. Her mother's opposition, so the rumor goes, put the affair into the limbo of "the might have been". Now Eddie is all married up to Marjorie Daw.

"Mama" Windsor, or whatever her name is—Cronk, we believe—is so busy being a devoted grandmother to Claire's charming little boy that she has scant time to boss Claire's work and her employers on the studio lots. And yet Claire manages to keep climbing!

The Motherless

So helpful is the mother recognized to be that many screen stars who are so unfortunate as to have no mothers of their own "adopt" mothers, choosing older women in the profession, who (Continued on page 90)

Have you ever held

TRAITOR HANDS

Asks Alma Whitaker

"MY GAWD, what a hand!" remarked a vulgar voice near me at the theatre the other evening.

And, if you please, the creature was alluding to the should-be beauteous hand of the alluring heroine.

Hands can be such a give-away. In my search for beautiful hands among the film charmers, I have discovered that there are hands and hands; that beauty of face and beauty of hands do not always go together.

Only occasionally does one find a pair of hands to match a lovely face. No amount of manicuring can redeem some hands. Often they pass muster—with careful photography. But sometimes these exquisite heroines of ours have the hands of cooks and washerwomen. Perhaps it is poor photography, of course. The following criticisms, therefore,

refer strictly to the appearance of these hands on the screen. Possibly some hands, like some faces, photograph better than others.

Elsie Ferguson's Lovely Hands

I CAN find no fault with Elsie Ferguson's hands. Elsie's reputation as a "lady" will never be libelled by her long, slender, well-cared for hands, with their tapering finger points, their pretty filbert-shaped nails, their conservatism as to rings, their grace in repose. Elsie can afford to show her hands in any pose.

And I love Agnes Ayres' hands. They taper at the finger-tips, and the nails are beautifully arched. They undulate into the wrist. Yet they are strong hands that could strangle a rival beautifully, daintily. Not that Agnes would.

It took me some time to decide about Pola Negri's hands. She wears her nails long and pointed. She knows how to adjust sleeves and cuffs. Hers are expressive hands, sensitive hands, well-cared-for upper middle class hands.

Gloria's Hands are Capable

GLORIA SWANSON'S hands are not pretty. In all the pictures I have seen they appear a shade too large, a trifle bony, but strong hands, perfectly dandy for opening reluctant fruit jars or unscrewing stiff corks. And once in a while she puts them on her hips; they seem to be exactly the right kind of hands to swagger on hips. In the bathing scene in *The Impossible Mrs. Bellew* one could not help wondering if the grand-duke happened to notice the sort of hand he kissed. (Continued on page 89)

Gloria Swanson's hands are not pretty. They appear a shade too large, a trifle bony. In "The Impossible Mrs. Bellew," one could not help wondering if the grand-duke happened to notice the sort of hand he kissed.



CASTE! *The film colony is founded upon it. In snobbish Hollywood, the stars speak only to producers, and the producers speak only to Hays.*

The FILM

Extras will please not talk to Miss Ferguson.

THIS little sign, always posted on the set where Elsie Ferguson may be emoting, illustrates admirably the democracy of Hollywood. The Manchus have some simple little ideas of caste, and I understand the Brahmins were never ones to hob-nob around outside of their own rank, but even the Supreme Imperial Potentate of the Loyal Order of Brahmins could learn a thing or two about caste from some of our Hollywood stars.

The outsider might find it difficult to understand why an extra might not pass the time of day with a star, or why a camera man should up-stage a "prop" boy. But the man "in the know" realizes that caste lines are strictly drawn, and the icy stare will be the portion of the vandal who steps over the bounds of rank.

It's very complicated. A star knows only producers, one or two directors, and a few stars of their own social rank.

A director knows producers, the stars and the camera man.

The camera man sometimes fails to remember the assistant director, and the assistant director, who is really a glorified "prop" boy, is recognized only by the extra girls, who make a fuss over him in the hope of getting a job.

The caste line is drawn socially even among stars. Stardom alone does not bring social recognition; the clan is divided against itself.

For instance, Harold Lloyd, already an equally popular comedian with Charlie Chaplin, is never invited to the parties to which Chaplin goes. Charlie is in a class above him socially. Harold is a clean, well-groomed, personable young actor of high moral character.



CLIMBERS

As seen by
Lucille Larrimer



Nobody denies that. But he has a distressing habit of talking affably to everyone, even extras! Charlie Chaplin's we-have-never-met-and-I-hope-we-never-will manner fits in with the aristocratic Hollywood social habits better, and so the snobs adore Charlie.

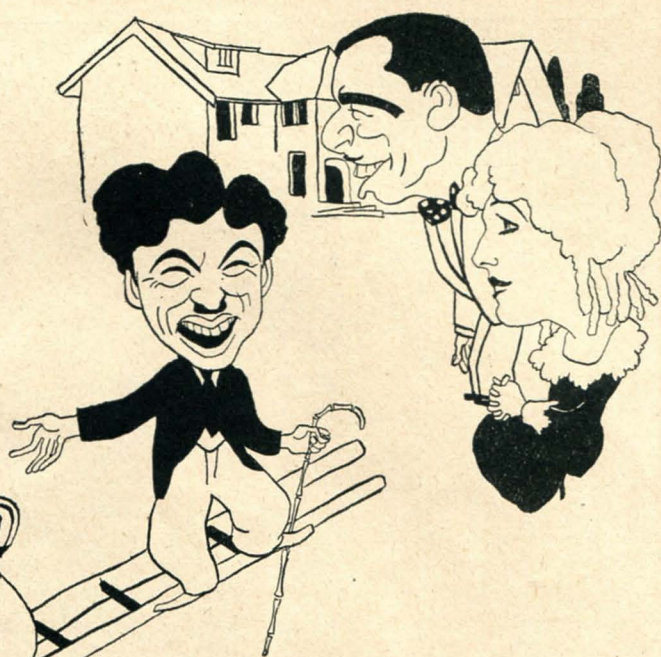
Fairbanks on Social Peak

MARY PICKFORD and Douglas Fairbanks top the social peak in Hollywood. They solve the social problem by not going out at all. The parties they give occasionally in their homes are extremely exclusive. Edward Knoblock, Charlie Chaplin and Pola Negri seem to be the chief participants of the festivities at "Pickfair".

Brother Jack and sister Lottie do not share Mary Pickford's restrained social tastes. The white lights suit them better than quiet home parties with charades. Jack participates in all the dancing contests at the Cocoanut Grove, and he recently got quite a lot of publicity when his private bootlegger fell into the hands of the law, along with an incriminating order-book. Lottie was also down for a case or two, according to alleged newspaper accounts.

DeMilles are Social Arbiters

THE Cecil and William DeMilles are the social arbiters of the film colony. To be invited to an affair at the DeMille mansion on a lordly Hollywood hilltop is the symbol of social success. Of course, some are highly successful in



their own way without being received by Mrs. DeMille.

I recall one most interesting afternoon when Mrs. Cecil DeMille, who does a great deal of philanthropic work, and Julia Faye both happened to be in at the same charity tea. Mrs. DeMille for some reason has never found much in common with Miss Faye, and their efforts to overlook each other in the one small drawing-room were heroic.

The DeMilles often entertain the clever Fitzmaurices, (George Fitzmaurice and Ouida Bergere), the Jesse Laskys, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Dexter, Gloria Swanson and a selected group of actors and actresses.

She Has Lived Down Her Past

BATHING beauties and comedienues do not rank very high socially in Hollywood, but Gloria Swanson has successfully lived down her bathing-girl past. It is only four years since she doffed the one-piece bathing-suits for the gorgeous gowns of a featured dramatic star, but her "grand manner" has brought her through superbly.

Gloria herself entertains lavishly and frequently at her big new home in Beverly Hills. Her guests are vivacious souls who can be depended upon not to let the party die on its feet. Viola Dana and Dorothy Dalton are boon companions of Gloria's and may often be found at her jollifications. Marshall Neilan and J. Warren Kerrigan are also frequent guests. Alice Lake, who goes everywhere Viola Dana goes, is usually present, also.

Valentino a Social Disappointment

RODOLPH VALENTINO, even at the height of his career, went out very little in Hollywood society. Occasionally he would dance at the Hollywood hotel or at the Ambassador with Nazimova and her party, but ordinarily he sought the company of Italians and Frenchmen, Bohemians of all types, painters, writers, poets, in preference to the social elite.

Milton Sills entertains a good deal, but his guests are seldom picture people. He and his charming wife delight rather in intellectual soirées, with writers and scholars as guests. Sills has a terrible past as a university professor behind him, and he finds it hard to forget. It rises to haunt him even now. (Continued on page 92)



The Spirit

Betty Compson has had the supreme happiness of having kept in communication with the man she loved above all men.

By Anne

¶ Betty Compson firmly believes that George Loane Tucker is still her best friend in spite of the fact that his body is dust.

IS THE fast-spreading belief in reincarnation a symbol of the colossal vanity of motion picture stars, or is it a sign that our luminaries are groping for a much needed help in adjusting their lives to the sudden glories and the equally sudden defeats of the movies?

When Betty Compson said to me: "I would be perfectly happy to die right now, for it would be a sign to me that I have finished this cycle of my development. I would know that I was slated for another incarnation, after my soul had made its adjustments, and had checked up on the lessons learned in this incarnation," was Betty fortifying herself against the disappointment which her work at Lasky's was then bringing her?

When she further said, "George Loane Tucker, with whom I have been in communication since his death, is seeking stories for me, that I may justify his beautiful faith in me, that I may achieve my height as a dramatic actress," was Betty using her belief to take the ache out of her heart and the crimp out of her vanity which a series of unhappily chosen stories had put there?

Was Mary Pickford, when she sat wistfully looking into space, her little mouth drooping, her wide grey-blue eyes fixed on a vision which only she herself could see, picturing an existence which would leave her free to be herself?

For Mary said to me, with a slight tremble of her childish



mouth, "In my next incarnation I want to be given the boon of contentment. I don't want to be ambition-ridden as I have in this incarnation. Do you know what I would love? I would love to be an *ordinary* person—living and loving and dying obscure and content in having filled, competently and wholesomely my own little niche in life. I would love to be a middle-class girl, in a small town—New Jersey has been my dream—a little cottage in a neat little New Jersey town—where I could cook and clean and sew, for my husband and babies. Babies!"

For the dream of Mary's life is to hold a child of her own in her arms. It is always that way. When we have everything, so far as the world can see, there is a great void, which no amount of fame and fortune can fill. Mary's

Lover

George Loane Tucker according to her strange and almost fantastic story has corresponded with her through the ouija board.

Austin



¶ George Loane Tucker's discoveries in religion revealed to Betty Compson through the ouija board, are interesting and startling.

longing for a child would have been satisfied long ago, even at the expense of her career, if she could have had her own way. But Nature, whether kindly or sternly, has withheld this supreme blessing. Is Mary reaching out with the eager hands of the spirit, for solace in her belief in re-incarnation?

"In my next incarnation," Mary says triumphantly, "I shall be given a child!"

If Mary did not have this belief in a future existence, where her incompleteness can be made complete, but where she will not be burdened with the things which fill her life now, would she be able to endure so bravely the desolate emptiness of her mother-arms?

Whether Mary Pickford really could be reconciled to an

existence which would wrest power and fame out of her small hands is a problem which only her soul can solve. Even as she pictures the middle-class cottage with a mechanic husband, coming home to his dinner of pot roast and apple pie, she veers to say this, "If I am cast as an actress in my next incarnation, I hope I shall be given the stature and the soul bigness to be a great tragedienne. In my heart I feel my power now. But Nature cast me in a midget mould. No person of four feet ten can sway the world as an emotional actress."

Mary's devotion to little Mary, her sister Lottie's child and the adopted daughter of Mrs. Charlotte Pickford, is a beautiful thing to see.

"Mary is an old soul," she said to me quite seriously. "She says things which startle me. I believe she has about finished her cycle. I don't mean she is a mental prodigy, but I can sense the wisdom of the ages in that baby's soul."

Hollywood's Religious Inhibition

RELIGION in Hollywood is one subject which is not handled freely. We talk with raw emphasis and analytical definiteness on every subject under the sun—except our souls. But there is a fast-widening circle of the great who acknowledge the possession of souls and (Cont'd on page 93)

Our CHARACTER ACTORS

The character actor is giving us the finest acting on the screen today. In these pages, we tender this small tribute to the screen's



Photo by HOOVER



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

Eugenie Besserer supplies her characters with a depth of human feeling that only long years of dramatic training can give. She is doing a fine bit of work in *Youth Triumphant*, a production now in the making.

Svengali, that brooding, vengeful, cunning fiend, in Du Maurier's *Trilby*, is receiving a superb characterization at the talented hands of Arthur Edmund Carew, as shown above.

Alan Hale is one of the finest of our character actors. He was a faithful, lovable Little John in *Robin Hood* and a dastardly scoundrel in *The Covered Wagon*.

GOD BLESS 'Em!

And because he goes his modest way, without public acclaim or fervid great hope—the character player! Long may he emote!

When *Oliver Twist* was being cast, they wanted a finished actress and a fine character woman to play the part of *Mrs. Corney*. So they called on Aggie Herring.

Lon Chaney is the dean of all character actors. When he played *Fagin* in *Oliver Twist*, Lon Chaney was quite lost. Only *Fagin* remained. And it is so in all of his rôles.

Ernest Torrence, shown in the center below, is one of those gifted souls who can do comedy and heavy dramatics equally well. His inspired performance in *The Covered Wagon* and in Maurice Tourneur's *Brass Bottle* are comic in character.

Tom Wilson used to play in the legitimate with Warfield and others, but he is now doing character roles on the screen. His latest part is a pirate role in Charles Ray's *Courtship of Miles Standish*.





The BABY SACRIFICE

Raising children to feed to the Films has become as important an industry in Hollywood as raising children for cotton pickers in the South

By W. R. Benson

Illustrated by S. Delevante

WHENEVER the Stork drops a squirming little bundle at a Hollywood door, the mother has one thought in mind as she looks upon his features: "Will he be the successor to Jackie Coogan?" Or if the might is a girl, she has no inclination to throw it into the ocean, as the Chinese still secretly long to do. She tries to see in that monkey-red little face a resemblance to Virginia Lee Corbin, or Baby Peggy.

In naming the infant, Hollywood parents no longer try to pick a name which will please Uncle George or Great-Aunt Isabelle. The all-important question is, will the name be easy to remember and sufficiently odd to attract attention? For the child is destined for a screen career, just as surely as little boys once were promised to be Presidents or policemen.

Have You a Movie Star in Your Home?

HAVE you a little movie star in your home? Thus queries the internal revenue man. If minors make money, someone is to be held to account to Uncle Sam. Jackie's bonus check for \$500,000 was put into his income tax report for last year, if we can believe reports, and the goblins got it—or half of it, to be almost exact. Just why Papa Coogan put the bonus on his work for this year into last year's earnings is one of the questions little Jackie will be asking Papa a few years hence, when the years are leaner and his legs are longer and his voice is changing.

In Hollywood is seen the startling spectacle of a baby Atlas supporting the world. On Jackie's puny shoulders rests a world which would make the ancient Atlas sphere look like a circus balloon. If those little shoulders should collapse under the load, what a world would totter and fall into millions of bits, as impossible of being picked up as the broken Humpty Dumpty.

A great production unit, with dozens and dozens of people, directly or indirectly, working on Jackie Coogan productions, a great studio housing hundreds of people, a great financier with millions of dollars bet on Jackie, a splendid big home, with its retinue of servants, all drawing their checks from "Master Jackie"—what a world to rest upon a little boy's shoulders! Does a youngster supporting such a world dare have measles or whooping cough or stomach-ache or nerves? Does he dare to stretch his little arms above his head and yawn, "Aw, I don't wanna work today. I wanna go on a picnic out in the country."

He does not. He cannot for a minute take his shoulders—no matter how tired they may be—out from under that great, crushing load!

Does it not seem a queer, unnatural state of affairs when an infant is pushed up against the stone wall of necessity and upon his back such a burden is placed? Does the great, long fur coat which Mama Coogan wears warm her thoroughly when little cold



chills of apprehension chase up and down her spine?

Mamas of lesser but just as dear children get up in the middle of these cold California nights to see that the little legs are not sticking out of covers, that Baby is not sleeping with his mouth open. How many times Mama Coogan must get up in the middle of the night to gaze upon that angelic yet mischievous, perhaps tired little face, to see if all is still well!

Doing Well, Thank You

MARVELOUSLY enough, Jackie seems to be doing very well, thank you. As the main support of his family, he seems to be holding up nicely. Perhaps by the time he is old enough to marry he will have had such a varied and extended experience in supporting people and institutions and orphans and such that he will feel it is quite a come-down to find himself responsible only for the upkeep of his own home and a wife, no matter how extravagant.

If Jackie were allowed to work and call it a day when five bells struck, it would not be so bad. But count that day lost which does not see Jackie's name in the papers as sponsoring some new cause or opening some new real estate division or as elected chief of the fly-swatters or something like that. He has to form a reception committee of one to welcome all celebrities to Hollywood, so he can get his picture in the papers, of course! Jackie is probably the best publicized bit of human flesh in the world. No royal dauphin ever received the press notices that our own Princelet gets—and it is certain that no royal fledgeling ever worked so hard for his plaudits.

One week's news alone nets the following little tasks for Jackie: "Champion of Children"—blares the headline. "Jackie Coogan enters lists in behalf of Juvenile Labor Measure." Poor little overworked Jackie! Will he put his own name at the top of the list for those who should get clemency?

How pompous and how contradictory is the "lead" for the story—"At the suggestion of a group of statesmen and publicists, Jackie Coogan will become the spokesman for less fortunate children of America, the protagonist of the various movements for child welfare betterment, of which the first on the program is the eradication of child labor. Associated with Jackie are such personages as Herbert Hoover, in his capacity as head of the newly organized Child Health Association of America, President Harding and Ex-Presidents Wilson and Taft, honorary members of the National Child Labor Committee."

"The eradication of child labor!" What a ghastly joke! The hardest worked infant in the world is called upon to give more of his valuable time, away from his books and his flowers and his pets and his sleep, to championing infants who paste labels on to cans and who pick cotton in the fields of Alabama. Probably not a single little pickanniny who sweats under the sweltering rays of a Texas sun knows half the agony of fatigue and longing for freedom which comes to Jackie as he works all day under the fierce rays of the Kleig lights, in a great barnlike studio, surrounded by hammering carpenters, swearing shouting technicians, directors and assistant directors, and anxious capitalists hovering in the background, hoping that the kid won't slump.

Jackie Before Congress

"JACKIE COOGAN to address Congress," purrs another headline. Ain't that grand? Won't he look cute, standing up before those important bald-headed men, like the Infant Christ before the learned doctors in the Synagogue?

Yes, Jackie will address Congress in behalf of Child Labor, if some well-laid plans do not gang agley. And if he has any spare time on his hands, probably he will tell the President how to run the government, give a few

helpful hints to Mrs. Harding on how to make political pie, and if he still isn't needed in Hollywood he may take five minutes off to chase butterflies on the White House Lawn with Laddie-Boy.

A recent cartoon by Wynn, celebrated caricaturist, is entitled "The Immortals Greet a New Arrival". George Bernard Shaw, David Belasco, Constantin Stanislavsky, Morris Gest, Walt Whitman, Edgar Allan Poe, Shakspeare, Alexander Dumas, Richard Wagner, Henrik Ibsen, and Edwin Booth, stand by to welcome the latest arrival on Mount Olympus—Jackie Coogan.

It is Jackie who must meet Irvin S. Cobb and Paderewski. It is Jackie who must give an egg-rolling at the Ambassador for the little children of the rich, and at the same time appear at an egg hunt at an Orphanage. It is Jackie who must give of his wealth and of his prestige to the "Sea Scouts"—the kidlets who scan the turbid waters of Lake Michigan for enemy craft, or some such vitally necessary duty like that. Every day Jackie's duties pile up, adding to the world which is bowing his slight form to the earth.

Maybe some day Jackie will care far less for the shekels than for the carefree boyhood he has missed. But the great must pay. After all, who would want Jackie to retire?

In Jackie's menage, which his enormous earnings keep up, are a butler, a nurse, an upstairs maid, a cook and a yardman. The little boy's work makes a handsome living for Mama and Papa Coogan and for the little foster sister whom Mama Coogan so generously brought home with her when the child's own mother passed on. The new little sister is Priscilla Dean Moran. She will probably not be legally adopted.

In Baby's Footsteps

IN THE old-fashioned days before the films brought new standards and new customs, a father hoped his son would follow in his footsteps. Now the wise father or mother waits to see what the baby is going to do, and then follows suit. Or if Baby becomes famous in pictures, Father or Mother finds it mighty easy to step out of their own jobs into a managerial one.

Papa Coogan is one of the busiest men in pictures. As manager of the gigantic operations of which his small son is the keynote, he has a man-sized job. But Papa Coogan stepped out of his natural field—vaudeville—to attend to the more important duty of managing Jackie.

Papa Osborne, father of the once-famous Baby Marie Osborne, promptly forgot his own business to take over Baby Marie as a prize exhibit. As a Sunshine Comedy baby she made much money for her dependent family. Finally, however, the child's money became the bone of contention it is said, between the father and the mother, and they separated. Baby Marie is now far past the baby stage and is probably not half so remunerative as when she lisped and talked baby talk.

Baby Peggy is Good Provider

BABY PEGGY MONTGOMERY is the sole support of her father and mother. Her father is her manager, of course, and her mother has a good-sized job in keeping down the famous little comedienne's egoism. She does it very successfully.

Little Mickey McBan is another. He could support a wife and five children on the salary he makes, even in these days of the high cost of necessary luxuries, for he makes a hundred a week—one hundred iron men, simoleons, beans, cartwheels, dollars, if you don't get the other terms—and he has been off a payroll for only ten days altogether since the first of last October. A goodly bank roll is accumulating for this cotton-topped brown-eyed youngster. By the way he is the "champeen" swimmer of the world for children under six. He's four years old,

and has accumulated five medals for swimming. He began imitating a fish at the age of eighteen months. But he can't swim in pictures, for that would make him a "professional"—a professional is one who follows a sport for money, you know—and he wants to keep on getting medals as an amateur swimming champion.

Of course you can remember Mickey as the very realistic little weeping boy twin in "Poor Men's Wives." He has recently appeared in "Daytime Wives" and "The Man Who Won."

Virginia Lee Corbin's Job

VIRGINIA LEE CORBIN started on her arduous career of supporting her family at the age of three and a half. She is now nearly twelve. Her father is either dead or making a living for himself in the offing—nobody seems to know exactly the status of the papa parent. Virginia Lee got her start in 1915 when the manager of the Balboa studios found her crying on the beach. He gave her a screen test and the result was that she was starred with Alice Maison in "The Chorus Girl and the Kid", a three reeler. A contract with Allen Holubar followed; then she went to Fox, where she made 12 pictures in five years. These were fairy tales—"Jack and the Beanstalk", "Aladdin's Lamp" and others of that series. At the end of her Fox contract she appeared at Grauman's theater in a sketch, which Mrs. Corbin later took on the road. It must have been a peach of a skit, for it earned the family bread and butter and caviar for two years, during which time the two—mother and daughter—appeared in every principal country in the world. She has just finished a rôle with Fisher Productions in "Youth Triumphant", the story of a child that begs on the streets to support a foster mother. Rather a coincidence that, eh? But as a good provider, you have to hand it to Virginia Lee. She has done well by her mother!

On Jackie Coogan's puny shoulders rests a burden which would make the ancient Atlas sphere look like a circus balloon. If these little shoulders should collapse under the load, what a world would totter



Dicky Headrick Heads a Family

RICHARD HEADRICK early relieved Dad of the burden of supporting the family. The yellow-headed little lord of the films at the age of two or three stepped up and let Dad step down from the stage. For Dad Headrick is a former theatrical man, now completely absorbed in handling his famous youngster. Mr. Headrick says he has been both father and mother to Richard, for the mother is in bad health. Dad and the boy are constantly together. There is a real and unusual sympathy between the two. When the father is sick or depressed, happy or frolicsome, clownish or brilliant, little Richard is likewise. Probably the father earns his board and keep, which little Richard supplies, better than most of our dependent parents.

Dinky Dean, son of "Chuck" Reisner, character actor and director, doesn't have to worry about finances. His papa is entirely self-supporting, and rather regards Dinky's phenomenal luck as a joke. But Universal has surrounded the four-year-old with a cast imposing enough to make any little four-year-old swell with pride—or feel overwhelmed. Among those present is Virginia Pearson! How queer it must feel to these experienced and famous players to be "supporting" a brand new child star. And what a collapse it will be if Universal has bet wrong on this new discovery of Chaplin's.

Betsy Ann Can Act!

PROBABLY the most beautiful little girl in movies is Betsy Ann Hisle. She is like an animated French doll, but she has it all over the French puppet, for she can act. Really! She has a whole bureau drawer full of beauty prizes and medals. For instance, she was declared at Venice last year to be the most beautiful child in Southern California, and there were 12,000 contestants trying to cop the honor. She helps swell the family exchequer by working in pictures, posing as a model for artists and photographers. And so the wolf will not feel at all tempted to hang around the door, Betsy Ann keeps up her practise as an esthetic dancer.

She has recently returned from Seattle, where she made personal appearances and put on a little sketch called "A Christmas Surprise". The most money Betsy Ann has ever made was \$150 a week in vaudeville, but the cutest she has ever looked on the screen was in that adorable "Our Gang" comedy, "The Firefighters". Remember her sitting on the roof to pull the toe of the sleeping "Fire Chief", delectably played by another youthful "good provider", little Jackie Condon? Betsy also played in "The Poverty of Riches" and other big features.

Jackie Condon does awfully well by his doting parents, who believe that he is greater than Jackie Coogan. He has been in pictures since he was three weeks old.

Baby Marie Morehouse doesn't have to promise Mother that she will get her "a nice silk dress when I'm drowned up", as baby lispers are fond of saying to the self-sacrificing beings who give them everything. Baby Marie can do it now. She is only fifteen months old, but she has appeared in a number of pictures, "The Ace of Hearts", "The Old Nest", "The Poverty of Riches", and others in which her round-eyed baby charms were given full value.

Little Billie Lord feels dreadfully about not being able to clothe his Mama in silks and satins, but he has hopes. You see, he's only four and a half years old, and he's been in a number of pictures, but the cost of getting Billie started has so far kept down the profits. Overhead is so heavy, you know! He's made a brave start, however, and he's one of the most adorable and clever youngsters in the films, so he'll probably soon be supporting his family in the style to which they would like to become accustomed—perhaps before this article appears! For in our tea leaves we've seen a contract for Bill!

Babies for Sale

ARE they happy—these youngsters who have been set so early to the arduous task of making a living, not only for themselves, but for their parents? Can they possibly be getting all out of life that a wise and beneficent providence intended children to get? Is it wise to give them to us, even when we clamor for their sweetness and rosy charm on the screen?

One little screen mother, proudly displaying her own little daughter, tells her side of it and lets light into the other side.

"I keep all financial gossip away from my baby. All her money goes into a bank account for her, which will pay for the kind of education her father and I could never have earned for her. And we do not harass her with the details of getting jobs and holding them and dressing for them. We let her live as freely as it is possible for a four-year-old screen player to live. It is pitiful that she must so soon learn to obey the voice of duty—that the burden of 'making good' should so soon be forced upon her.

"But we do not let her know how important her career is to us. We belittle it to her, put it on a play basis. I go to the studios with her, of course, and I try to make a game out of the long tedious waits. I am with my baby more than most mothers are. I guard her from all the rough contacts I can, and I beg people not to make a fuss over her. This constant guarding against vanity—conceit—is the hard thing.

"But I know a mother who nags her little boy unmercifully because he does not get along faster. He was taken out of a picture one day because he could not concentrate on a scene that the director was trying to shoot. His mother jerked him off the seat and he left, crying and sobbing his heart out. I found out the reason for his inattention later. He had lost his Bull pup—it had run away and the kid's heart was broken. Of course he couldn't concentrate on what the director was saying! His mother allows him no play life. She keeps his duty to himself and to her ever

before him, urges him constantly to 'make good', dings-dongs into him that he must act, must look pretty, must smile pretty for the directors and for the people of the press. The child is dear in spite of it, but he is just a little bundle of nerves."

Well, that's one woman's viewpoint. Her own child is not so free from the taint, if she only knew it. No baby can be idolized as hers is without being spoiled, without getting an exaggerated idea of its own importance.

Little Louise Tordera is a mental wonder, as well as a ravishing little beauty. Her superb self-possession—comical in a four-year-old—and her extreme beauty make it easy for her to carve a living out of Hollywood. She came rather late in life to a mother who had given birth to twins years before. The lovely little blonde elf is idolized by her mother, but that does not keep her from exploiting that delectable baby. Louise is always dressed in silks of pastel shades, which set off her flowerlike beauty, but how much more cunning and babylike she would look in blue gingham rompers! And how much happier she would be perched in her own swing in the back yard than perched on the casting director's desk, ogling him for a choice bit? Her little line of patter is well developed; it's clever, it's cute—but is it *baby*?

One wonders what the psychology of these parents is. Can they feel comfortable in the knowledge that baby hands are bringing home the bacon? That baby hearts are swelling over false griefs, pumped into them by not too kind and patient directors, that their babies are being forced in the hothouse atmosphere of Kleig lights and grease-paint rather than permitted to develop sweetly and normally in the parks and grassy backyards which are their birthright?

The Child Provider

DOES a swirl of shame ever envelop the brain and heart of the dependent parent, who has so perverted natural laws as to let the infant do the work, while the parents accept the reward?

Here, too, is a new problem for the courts. How are the screen child's interests to be safeguarded? There is no law which restrains parents from exploiting their offspring. Since we love children on the screen, and since they are a very vital element in realistic drama, we would not want them kept off the screen.

The Coogans have wisely put all of Jackie's earnings in trust for him. They have to make a legal accounting for every penny of his that they spend.

But the state of California should enact some law which would safeguard the earnings which these screen prodigies are rolling up. It is likely to be for all too brief a time. The charming baby is often the gangling youth or the raw-boned girl. The very defects which endear children to the screen prevent their being successes as older players. In the happiest cases there is always a transition period which is extremely hard on both parents and children. Parents, accustomed to the velvet of the baby's earnings, find it hard to go back to their own restricted earnings. The glitter of screen gold is very bright. The dollars which papa as a clerk can bring in are disappointingly few, compared to the wealth which Baby commanded in his heyday.

And Baby, spoiled and pampered while he was bringing home the bacon, finds it hard to adjust himself to a public school life, where he is no better than the rest, and to a decreased scale of living. Wesley Barry is in that transition stage now. Wesley is at the unfortunate age when precocity stops and "smart Alecism" begins, when juvenile exuberance develops into something far less attractive. Whether Wesley will outlive his screen usefulness as he outgrows his freckles is still a problem,



BILLIE DOVE
By ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON



JOHN BARRYMORE
BY ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON



BETTY COMPSON
By ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON



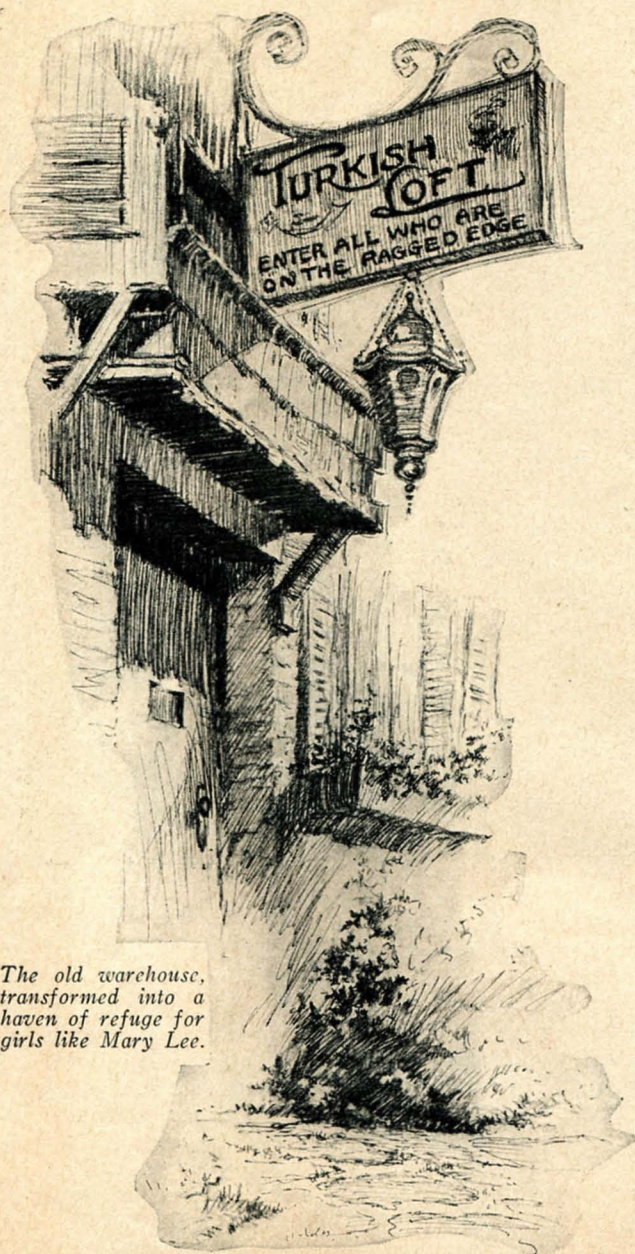
PAULINE GARON
By ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

Another Great Story of Young Life in Hollywood

SHOESTRINGS

By Peter Lowensberry
and Aimée Torriani

Illustrated by Rae Van Buren



The old warehouse, transformed into a haven of refuge for girls like Mary Lee.

"THAT green above your eyes is too heavy for you Kiddo," said Glory. "Here, have some of my blue—you don't mind my telling you, do you?"

Mary Lee smiled gratefully at Glory, whose swift, deft strokes had produced her own clown-like makeup while she had chatted a running stream of nonsense with the others.

Mary Lee's fingers felt all thumbs. One cheek was a scarlet poppy, and the other resembled a ripe tomato; she had got some smarting mascaro in her eyes, and daubed specks of it on her cheek. The steady current of comment was now directed her way.

"Some baby doll!" shouted one of the extra girls at the long dressing table of the Fine Art Studio.

"Look out, Kids, or she'll vamp the leading man right off his feet—"

There was a roar of laughter as Mary Lee turned toward them.

"Everybody for Mr. Wood, please," bawled the assistant director.

A scramble ensued. Mary Lee's eyes filled. She would never be ready in time.

"Let me help you, child," Glory's smile was contagious. "I'm an old timer. Somebody's taught you a stage makeup. We'll take off all this and start again. Get your face completely clean first. Then we'll put on an even layer of grease paint. Then the blue over your eyes; yes, shut your lids, so."

She worked rapidly as she talked.

"Now you'd better do your lips yourself. No one can do them for you," she ran on. "A nice cupid's bow—not too thick, for red takes black, you know. Now, powder carefully, so your makeup will be smooth—that's the secret of good screen makeup. There now, that's pretty good. Mascaro and bead your eyelashes the last thing. Pull your hair down so, over your right temple, and fluff it up in the back. Come along, there's the whistle. Is this your first day? Well, stick to me: I'll teach you the ropes."

MARY LEE stuck, and very glad she was of the chance. For Glory not only saw that she was introduced to everybody of importance, including even the Star, who seemed to be her personal friend, but in between Glory's perusal of Carlyle's *French Revolution*, three Movie Magazines, and a French novel, she drew out Mary Lee's own confession of the state of her finances.

"It's a hard game at best, child," said Glory at last as they stood in line at the end of the day for their seven-fifty pay checks. "I've been at it for three years now, with some—"



times a bit or even a good part or second lead, then long weeks and even months with nothing, and glad for even a day of extra work. You'd better be pretty sure you really want it more than anything else in the world, and are willing to pay the price. And if ever you need a bed or a friend, come to 1252 Vine Street—my Gang will always welcome you. So long, Kid."

AND it was well that Mary Lee clung to that promise like a barnacle to a rock, for next day her seven-fifty evaporated for blue grease paint and a pair of chiffon silk stockings to replace those torn on the set. When she went home, she found things in a state of uproar. A burglar had entered, and among other things had helped himself to all her remaining wealth, carefully secreted under the mattress.

A tidal wave of homesickness swept over her; for her old desk in Wall Street; five o'clock

and the rush of the subway; the pungent smell of steaming lamb stew as she entered her Mother's boarding house; her mother's flushed greeting as she bent over the stove in the hot kitchen, then adoring Joe's blue eyes as she waited on table; his gift of a new pair of satin slippers, or his shy, bank-slip note, which meant that he had saved another five dollars toward his cherished dream of an apartment on One Hundred and Twenty-Sixth Street. But each night she had made her own contribution to her hidden hoardings for her secret dream of a movie career.

"We'll put her through her ed. Can you drink this



*star paces tonight," he shout-
like a Roman courtesan?"*

not tell them now that they were all merely the imaginings of her brain. Joe believed she couldn't hold out. She'd show him. Somehow she'd have to face things. She wouldn't tell him the truth.

"If ever you need a friend—" Glory's parting words were like warm rain in the desert.

Mary Lee sprang up, washed her face, powdered her nose, flung on her hat and coat, and sped to 1252 Vine Street.

Wonderingly she stared up at the curious sign over the

Her letters home had been glowing accounts of her increasing triumphs. She simply could

old warehouse door.

"Turkish Loft. Enter All Who Are On The Ragged Edge."

What sort of place was this? She thought of all her mother's warnings. Did she dare, asked her Harlem mind, while her Hollywood curiosity was pushing open the door. A tiny green light beckoned in its old brass lantern, and before she realized it, she was mounting the crazy stair ladder.

From above floated sounds of revelry.

"But it's not your seal skin I need, Babs—it's shoes, shoes, shoes!" Phyllis' voice shrieked above the babble.

"My God, hasn't anybody got any shoes?"

Mary Lee mounted higher, to the sound of hammer blows.

"Going at ten, going at ten ten, going at ten twelve—"

"Thirteen," shouted a voice. (Continued on page 82)

Stardom Has Its Troubles Too. Cranks, Poison-pen Writers and Blackmailers Consider the Stars Legitimate Prey.



FILM FANATICS

Grace Kingsley

ARDENT hero-worship, such as we used to accord to baseball players and war heroes and now render only to our film favorites, is very pleasing to the stars when confined to box-office receipts. But when it takes a personal slant, so that the adorer climbs right into a man's bed-room and even into his pajamas, it's something else again.

Take the case of Charlie Chaplin and the amorous Marina Vega, who came all the way from Mexico to try to cut out Poli Negri. She had fallen in love with the comedian on the screen—though Charlie is no Apollo in his comic scenery, no matter how potent he may be off-stage—so with the engaging directness that always actuates movie maniacs, she left hubby flat in his little 'dobe shack and came to Hollywood, where she tried to commit suicide because Charlie "kinda" thought he'd stick to Pola.

The adoration of movie fans often takes a violent and dangerous trend, and many a star has had to call in police protection to tame some too ardent admirer.

Tried to Sheik Mary.

MARY PICKFORD had a really serious time with a Swede recently, who came all the way from his native land with the avowed purpose of marrying her. He threatened loudly to carry her off. She didn't dare to move beyond the studio gates without an escort. Finally, he began to believe that maybe she meant what she said when she refused to be sheiked, and went back to Sweden, broken-hearted. She never heard from him again, so she doesn't know whether he pined away and faded like the lilies, or got a little sense back and married some rosy-cheeked maiden of his chilly country.

A far gentler fan is a sweet old lady who had lost her daughter when the child was quite young, and who fancied that Mary looked like her lost darling. She watches for Mary's pictures and always writes her opinion of them to Mary.

A Borneo Suitor.

"I've come all the way from Borneo to marry you, and I'm going to get you," was the message Alice Calhoun received one morning. To be thus warmly wooed by a wild man from Borneo was a thrilling experience, Alice says; in fact, she was frightened to death. Her admirer tried in every way to get into the studio to see her—pretended he was a book agent, a photographer and an actor—but Alice managed to keep out of his way. The man was finally put into jail,

and probably came out with a chastened spirit, as Alice heard no more from him.

Not so fortunate was Lillian Gish, who has an admirer who constantly writes that he is going to come and run off with her.

"The sword of Damocles was a paper knife, compared with what I have hanging over my head," declared Lillian.

Cave-manned by an Indian.

BEING cave-manned by an Indian is something new! Viola Dana had this experience not long ago. He was a very handsome Indian, a college graduate, but one who had gone back to his people. Viola met him in Reno, when she was on location there. He followed her about, wrote her notes and threatened to drag her to his tepee. Viola said afterward that she almost believed that if he had stolen her she would have stayed!

Theda Bara drew a great many movie maniacs. One was rather pathetic. He would never tell his name. He sent her jewels and candy, and she could not return them, as she did not know who nor where he was. He wrote her wonderful letters, said that he was a middle-aged man, that he knew his love was hopeless and that he would not seek to see her. His gifts persisted as long as she stayed on the coast. She never learned his identity.

One of Miss Bara's weirdest fans was a woman, living in a middle-western town and married to a banker. She declared in numerous letters that she had a suite of rooms in her home fitted up for Miss Bara, and that if Theda ever visited her town and did not stop with her, she (the woman) would commit suicide!

Fans get the maniacal bug early, seemingly. One child who had worked a bit in pictures suddenly got the idea firmly fixed in her little head that ZaSu Pitts was her mother. The child camped on ZaSu's doorstep for days, weeping for her "mama". Her own mother was distracted.

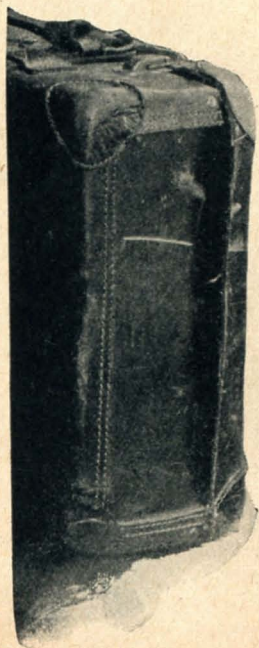
Why Mildred Married.

IT is whispered that Mildred Davis really married Harold Lloyd a little sooner than they had intended to wed, because a big, rude man was annoying Mildred by threatening to kidnap her.

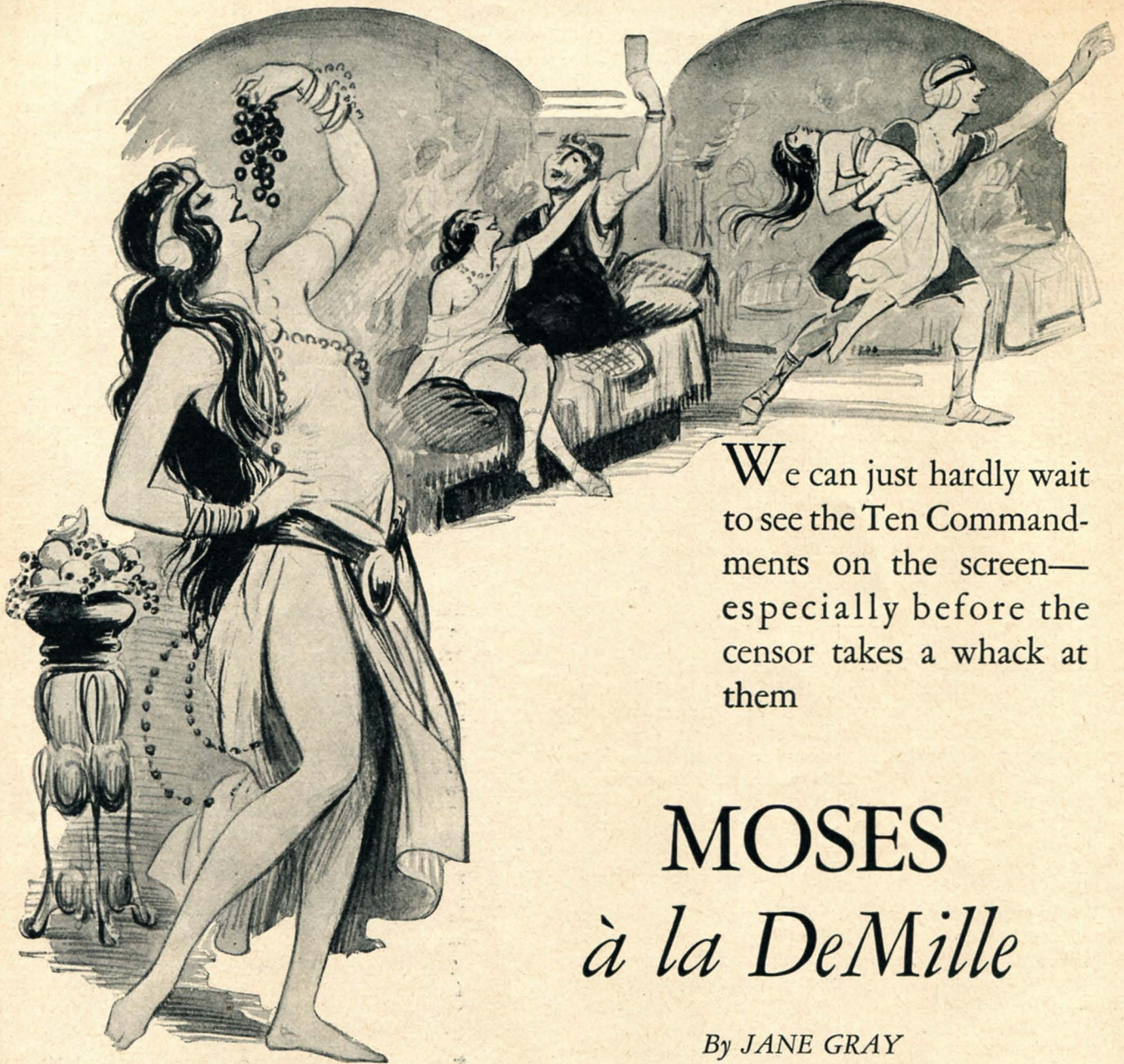
Harold Lloyd recently had a bit of excitement on his own hands, when a woman in a little town near New York declared that Harold was her son and that he would not support her. She said her son had gone away to California about eight years ago, to get into pictures, and that she recognized him in Harold. The comedian was in New York at the time. He had his manager offer to put \$10,000 in the principal bank of the town, to be given the woman if she could prove he was her son. But this didn't help matters. The woman honestly believed Harold to be her son. Meanwhile the town was growing hostile toward Lloyd and his pictures. Finally the woman's daughter came on to New York to see Harold. The comedian talked with her, she got a good look at him, and admitted that Lloyd was not her brother. Later Harold had his own mother write the other woman a letter.

Betty Compson had a spiritualistic friend who always insisted that Betty should never marry, because her real

(Continued on page 96)



C. It is whispered that Mildred Davis really married Harold Lloyd a little sooner than they had intended, because a big, rude man was annoying Mildred by threatening to kidnap her, and Harold himself is pursued by dozens of kindly old ladies who lay claim to being his mother.



We can just hardly wait to see the Ten Commandments on the screen—especially before the censor takes a whack at them

MOSES *à la DeMille*

By JANE GRAY

Illustrated by Chamberlain

Salome's Dance of the Seven Veils will be about as sensual as the polka, if the censors have their way.

IT is with a real thrill that I learn that Cecil DeMille is to make a picture based on the Ten Commandments. How great a wealth of material he will find in Holy Writ, and how certain one can be that the illustrations of these holy injunctions will lose nothing in vividness in Mr. DeMille's translation!

But alas, there are the censors. Supposing they shouldn't like the Bible! Supposing, as seems likely if they are consistent, they don't approve of the Bible! One has to think of these things.

Let us, then, consider what the censors would do to sundry situations that are found in the Bible that would never measure up to Pennsylvania standards of morals.

"Thou Shalt Have No Other Gods Before Me."

THE most dramatic story illustrating the first command-

ment is the story of Nebuchadnezzar's golden idol, which he commanded all to worship, but which the three Hebrew lads, Shadrach, Mesach and Abednego, firmly refused to bow down before.

Mr. DeMille and Jeanie MacPherson would add romance, heart interest, to this tale, I think. They might show Shadrach in love with a beautiful young maiden who is about to be sacrificed to the god. Shadrach will send her a message that if she dies, so will he also.

There will be—of course—brilliant and voluptuous scenes of worship at the altar. Sin and revelry will be typified by a girl in the foreground, feeding ripe grapes to a youth, both lightly clad. Without this piece of business with the grapes, no scene of lustful revelry could be complete. In the shadows will be seen languorous figures on couches, while a gent in a tiger skin in the middle distance will be seen bearing off a girl on his shoulders,—leaving the audi-

ence alone with its imagination at this point.

Gradually the furnace will be heated to a glowing heat, with a close-up of boys looking brave across their folded arms. Then into the fiery furnace they will go, but the flames will leap harmlessly about them. Presently they will emerge, as cool as cucumbers or Jaqueline Logan demanding a raise in salary. Then Shadrach will demand his lady's life, and Nebuchadnezzar will be so astounded by their asbestos personality that he will grant it, and the pair will walk off, in the moonlight which plays through the girl's thin garments, for a fade-out. And Jesse Lasky will wire Cecil: "Your Ten Commandments a knock-out; history staggers before its perfection; accept heartiest congratulations and a ten percent cut in salary."

But that will be before the censors get at the picture. The noble gentlemen of the flaming scissors will cut the idol scene down to a flash of a neat idol in miniature such as we use for paper-weights—a Billiken without the grin and with the fat tummy all covered up. The wild worship will be restricted to a few persons kneeling decorously. There will be no love scene and assuredly there will be no view of the brave boys fox-trotting around in the fiery furnace. The fire scenes might tempt little boys to try to walk through the back-yard bonfires!

And Nebuchadnezzar would never be seen eating grass. It might be considered a discredit to governments, which must be kept in respect.

"Remember the Sabbath Day"

REMEMBER the Sabbath day to keep it holy". The censors nod approvingly at this phrase. If discreetly filmed, it would make a nice, moral picture. But the companion dictum that, "The Sabbath is made for man, and not man for the Sabbath" must *not* be illustrated.

For the second commandment, scenes of the Creation, with sumptuous lighting and double exposure effects, will doubtless be used. DeMille could very well use some of the prehistoric stuff cut out of *Adam's Rib* here, with economy and effect.

"Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother"

THE great tragedy of Jephthah's rash vow and the sacrifice of his daughter will serve a fine dramatic purpose to illustrate the third commandment. Mr. DeMille and Miss MacPherson may be trusted to bring out all the drama here. They may even show the early childhood of Jephthah's daughter; give her a name, say Marah, which means *bitter*, and show the death of her mother and her father's grief. They may show his first gift to his daughter, a new-born lamb. Then will come scenes of Marah's maidenhood and of Jephthah's departure for war, with a great feast made for him, and with maidens dancing. His daughter will fasten on his sword and kiss him good-bye. Then, as the sun comes up Jephthah will appear on a hill-top, seated in a chariot, about to go against Ammon, with a great army of extras following.

Then, the return of Jephthah triumphant, his rash vow to sacrifice whatsoever living thing shall first come from

the door of his house; his grief and the rending of his garments when he sees his only child coming from the door, singing and dancing, to meet him! The daughter, paling when she hears her fate, but brave, too, will implore her father to be allowed to go away to the hills to prepare for death and to bewail her virginity. And the smashing climax in the death scene. As this is not recorded in the Bible, the most spectacular death imaginable may be given her, followed by the lament of the virgins, her friends. Jeanie need not spare her typewriter here.

The censors would find this story a little difficult. They may, in their infinite wisdom, change the story. The dancers will have to wear tights. And the ceremony of the lamenting virgins may be shown. But Marah may *not* be shown "bewailing her virginity." I should say not!

The story of Abraham and Isaac and the burning bush might serve also, only that Isaac's mother was so happy before he was born, and it is against the rules of censors to suggest approaching motherhood.

"Thou Shalt Not Kill"

THERE is a wealth of material that the ingenious Cecil may choose from to illustrate this commandment. But perhaps the most spectacular story is the haunting, marching tragedy of Samson, that man with the giant body and the flivver mind.



C Delilah won't be a harlot when the censors get through with her. She will be a Chautauquan lady doing her duty for her country's sake. You can see that it hurts her more than it does Sam

I can imagine DeMille showing the great strength of Samson—his spectacular fight when he killed hundreds with the jawbone of an ass. Then there was the fox episode, when he tied the foxes' tails together, set fire to them and turned the animals loose in the fields of the Philistines to burn up their grain. The unfaithfulness of his wife, his burning of her and her father, would serve as another note. Then the episode with the harlot, while his enemies lay in wait for him. And finally the scene where Delilah shears his long locks as he lies "asleep on her knees", how he is given captive to his enemies, cast into prison, blinded and made to turn a hand-mill, how he is finally brought forth to make sport for the Philistines, but, his hair having grown again, he has regained his strength, and pulling down the pillars of the feasting-house, he killed three thousand men and women, so that "in his death he slew more than he had slain in his life".

DeMille's Delilah

DEMILLE would make Delilah a gorgeous creature, wearing few clothes. She will first be seen arising from her bath and anointing herself to meet Samson. She will put perfume on Samson's long locks and will stroke them alluringly before she gives him the fatal hair-cut. Her palace will be full of leopards and such, and a tiger will curl up softly at her feet as she shears Samson.

She will put little wreaths around Samson's head; she will play a harp for him. She will kiss him ardently, as often and as long as DeMille thinks the censors will stand for.

And the fall of the temple at Samson's hands will be magnificent! The mob scenes in foreign pictures will be nothing to it. The temple will probably be decorated in black and red with plenty of gilt and mirrors and long lengths of gold and silver cloth dangling from balconies. All that photographs a good deal better than plain cedar. Thousands of extras will be parading around trying to engage each other in interested conversation. Stalwart youths will be wearing crepe beards for the occasion and maidens with peroxided curls will be wearing as little as the law allows, blissfully unconscious of their un-Semitic effect.

Then—Enter Samson blinded and apparently impotent. Merry laughter on the part of the extras as he gropes his way around. He stretches his arms out towards the pillars. They bend, and crash! A long shot shows the ruins toppling and falling on thousands of extras fleeing in terror. A close-up will glimpse a beautiful girl writhing under the crushing weight of a portion of the pillar—made of papier maché and weighing at least a pound.

But the Censors Won't See It That Way

BUT, oh, the censors! They will cut entirely the killing scene with the jawbone of an ass; it might encourage criminal tendencies in small boys who might get hold of jawbones.

Delilah, the faithless, will be shown as a sort of Chataquan lady, a great patriot, doing her duty for her country's sake, and sacrificing her great love for Samson to do it. Oh, you're just going to cry over that Delilah! She will feel so badly over her perfidy that she will plan to go into a nunnery but will be saved by one who understands, a good man and a pillar of the church, whom she will afterwards wed. The last scenes will show her sitting at the door of her tent with her husband and her two dear little babies, who play at making mud idols until mama slaps their little hands. A sweetly cute scene.

"Thou Shalt Not Commit Adultery."

FOR this commandment one finds a wealth of material. The adultery of King Herod and its disastrous consequences to John the Baptist is probably the most vivid illustration in Holy Writ.

The story has often been told on stage and screen, most recently by Nazimova, but Jeanie MacPherson will never be able to resist the temptation to do it again. For is there not the dance of the seven veils, with its gorgeous settings and with the possibility of Nita Naldi gradually unveiling? There will also be supposed to have been "something between" Salome and John the Baptist—a very spiritual affair on his side and a very carnal affair on hers—so that it wasn't altogether due to Salome's mother's hatred for John for telling Herod he should not have married her that made Salome ask for his head on a charger. In short, it was because John refused to lose his head that he lost his head, Jeanie will intimate.

Salome will be dressed in a simple costume of two yards of chiffon and eight strings of beads. She will plead desperately while John stands cold and haughty like a graven image, now and again emitting solemn reprimands. Then the subtitle will indicate that Salome's love is turned to hate. Events will move more and more rapidly till at last comes the inevitable Salome dance around the head on a plate.

Salome Censored

BUT this story, so full of passion and drama, will be changed by the custodians of our morals. They would like a happy ending, but as this cannot be, they will soften details. Salome has worshipped John the Baptist, a sort of school-girl hero-worship, they will tell us. She has sent him little things to eat in prison, and has played the harp outside his dungeon on moonlight nights. Her dance will be a cute little affair—just a few steps forward and a few steps back—about as sensual as the polka or the kindergarten dances pranced to the song, "We are so happy 'cause spring is here!"

Then it will all come out that Salome didn't know it was her John's head that she was asking for at all; she thought it was some other John,—John being such a common name. When she finds out whose head it is she has to deliver, she goes out to commit suicide, but is saved by a young prince who has long been an admirer of hers, and she marries him and cuts her mother dead whenever she meets her.

"Thou Shalt Not Covet . . ."

"THOU shalt not covet . . . thy neighbor's wife!" The story of David and Uriah suggests itself here. David's cunning in stealing Uriah's wife, his guilty passion, his placing of Uriah in battle where he would be certain to be killed, his grief and repentance, all furnish one of the great human dramas of literature.

But the censors will probably say it nay.

They will make Uriah's wife a vampirish hussy who lures poor David past all resistance. They will never allow David anywhere near the young woman's boudoir, but will be seen meeting her at the well and other fashionable places of rendezvous. He will not repent in sack-cloth and ashes, because that might set an unsanitary example, but in a clean hair-cut and shave and a modish tunic, equivalent of the Arrow collars and English tailors of our day. David will then give all his money to the nearest orphan asylum, and the mayor will make a speech, blessing him and his children.

Oh, I can just hardly wait to see the Ten Commandments on the screen—especially before the censors have taken a whack at them!



C The First Commandment, "Thou Shalt have no other gods before Me" will show Delilah sitting at the door of her tent with her two dear little babies who play at making mud idols till mama slaps their little hands.

C A movie actress is 90 percent photography, 8 percent artificiality and 2 percent strong, screenable features,

Says Eunice Marshall

The Beauty Slave

“**Y**ou don't mean to tell me that that is Sylvia Sweetness!”

The anguished tones of a flapper sounded behind me, while a famous film star made a personal appearance at a Los Angeles theatre, one evening recently.

“Oh, it *can't* be!” the voice went on. “Why, Sylvia was perfectly beautiful in *The Wife That Failed*, and this girl looks just like—oh, anybody! And Sylvia's hair is brown and this girl's is blonde, and peroxidized at that. It *can't* be Sylvia Sweetness!”

But it was. And another adorer of the famous screen star was added to the ever-enlarging ranks of the disillusioned.

Personal appearances aren't always the excellent publicity that producers and press agents believe them to be, because the camera's eye is sometimes kinder than the human optic nerve.

There are two kinds of screen beauties: those that are really beautiful and those that merely screen beautifully. And there are more of the latter than the former!

One perfectly good reason that many a film star outrages her public by looking “like just anybody,” when she appears in public is because she is just that. . . just a woman who happens to take a good photograph. And when that is her only attribute, when she has had no stage training, and has no “dramatic presence”, it is criminal folly for her to make a personal appearance before a critical audience. For it's ten to one she makes a fool of herself.

The other evening the Universal picture, *Bavu*, opened at a Los Angeles house. It was widely advertised that the stars of the picture would be there in person to greet the public. The house was jammed. Stuart Paton, who directed the picture, made a neat little speech and introduced the two actresses who had prominent parts in the film—Sylvia Breamer and Estelle Taylor. The two appeared hand in hand, took one look at the audience, developed a nice case of stage fright and virtually ran off the stage.

“If they're actresses I'm a king of the Cannibal Islands,” said my companion, in disgust. “They can't even stand up and say a few words to their friends here. Bah!”

“They're very ordinary looking, aren't they?” remarked a woman behind me. “Somehow screen actresses look so different off-stage.”

They do. Why not? They're “just folks”.

In screenland, everything is sacrificed on the altar of fame. Even beauty. For what shall it profit a woman to be as lovely as a sun-goddess if she does not screen well? If you want to believe that your favorite looks in real life as she does on the screen, you will do well to stay away from Hollywood. Illusions are painful things to lose.

An actress of the screen is 90 percent photography, eight percent artificiality, and two percent strong, screenable features.

And a good cameraman has made more stars than Cecil DeMille. And didn't get nearly so much pay for it!

The screen beauty does not have delicate features and pastel coloring. They would never show up on the screen. Hennaed and peroxidized hair, wigs, faces burned and freckled by the fierce light of the Kliegs, complexions ruined by grease-paint—these are the price of movie fame.

Even babies have their hair peroxidized, to make a golden aureole around their poor little heads.

The Sacrifice of Beauty

GLORIA HOPE is possessed of a wealth of glorious dark-red hair. Wonderful hair, such as Titian would have loved to paint. But alas, her crowning glory is merely ordinary brown hair on the lying silver screen. And her beautiful transparent complexion is not transferred to the screen—grease paint covers a multitude of facial sins and a good complexion is not essential—; wherefore Gloria on the screen is merely a fragile little bit of femininity who looks as if she were nursing a secret sorrow. And when an audience speaks of her at all, it is as “what's-her-name, the girl who played with Gerald Jamison, that handsome chap with the dimples.”

On the other hand, there is a young foreigner, not particularly good-looking, except at certain angles. The back of his head is almost flat. The camera man always has to be careful not to “shoot” him at an angle that will show the broadness of his nose. His skin is swarthy, and he is not very tall. You would scarcely look at him twice, if you were to meet him on the street. Unless you knew who he was. That young chap is Rodolph Valentino, who was—and will be soon again, we hope—the idol of feminine America. He screens like a million dollars—if the camera man is careful. You see him as a handsome youth with dark magnetic eyes and because all the other players are appropriately short he seems tall by comparison.

Hair Must Be A Halo

THE sacrifices of silken locks that are daily offered as a glowing surrender of self (Continued on page 80)



Photo by GRENEAUX

C, Gloria Swanson is one of the many who have been sacrificed on the altar of fame. Gloria looks out on the world with cynical disillusioned eyes.



Florence Vidor has long been spoken of as "Too refined for film life." Her mateless vacation failed to heal the rift in the Vidor lute.

From TWIN BEDS to

Too Much Hearthside and too Married Pair Matri-

By MILDRED

THE triple-plated puzzle, "Marriage—can it be overcome?" has been solved in many a Hollywood bungalow. And the solution has brought mellifluous currents into the well-known salty sea of matrimony.

You can't blame the stars for kicking over the matrimonial traces. Merton has spoken and there is the handwriting on the wall, yet still we are haunted with those sweet publicity pictures of wedded stars that would drive Ma Sunday into the chorus. You know the kind. The best-known pose is that of the "best pal and severest critic" watching little Esther feed the goldfish.

And then there is the one of Hubert rumpling his heropapa's Stacomb, while mama watches indulgently in a simple sports outfit of mountain-haze chiffon.

If you were constantly heralded as the world's model husband, wouldn't you sometimes long for sin and deception? These show-cased domestic affairs must have a back door.

Where is it?

Tijuana Relief Station

RELIEF Station No. 1 is situated in Tijuana, where the wine is light and the winnings lighter. There our heckled star may find *Nirvana* for nerves worn raw after months

of domestic dialogue. True, it is only a matter of five hours by motor, but many a marriage has been salvaged by its near-Monte Carlo atmosphere.

On a blithe Saturday afternoon, one may see Minta Money sitting cosily in a box at the races with Duke Drake. Happily, Duke is not her husband.

This is Situation A, where both Minta and Duke are seeking solace with the same innocence that pollen seeks another flower.

Honolulu, Santa Barbara, New York and the Orient are other waysides where the drop stitches occur in the intricate weaving of wedlock. And for the ultra, there is always Paris—referred to lightly with a puzzled frown and a "Let's see, was it my second or third trip across?"

Too Much Hearthside

THE latest case of too much hearthside and domestic publicity has brought about a separation for King and Florence Vidor and sorrow for their friends. The beautiful Florence has been spoken of as "too refined for film life", and King has been dubbed "the everlasting husband". It was naturally too much of a strain.

There should be, beside raisin week and prune week, and Lasky week and Zukor day, a "mateless week" or an

King Vidor was dubbed "The everlasting husband" by those familiar with the home life of the Vidors. Naturally the strain was too great. They are separating.



TWIN BUNGALOWS

Much Domestic Publicity will give any monial Indigestion

FRANCE

"innocent but exciting flirtation week" in Hollywood.

The first proof of the rift in the Vidor lute was given when the lovely star wife left for Honolulu with her little daughter. She was taking Fannie Hurst's advice, that vacations from matrimony mean happiness. But after a five-weeks' vacation, still the problem had not been solved. On her return home, King Vidor moved his belongings from the Vidor home on Fairfax Avenue. Yet he and his wife are often seen together in public.

At other times, interested Hollywood has been intrigued at the sight of the director papa in the company of one of the season's débutantes who, it is sad to say, is so dumb that she thinks "iris in" is a place to dance. Or so they say.

Oh well, it is probably just a simple little matrimonial climax that will be ironed out when the wife is refreshed from her vacation and the dumb-bell débutante looks for newer and greener fields.

Far Fields are Greener

A YEARLY hejira to the Orient keeps Kathlyn Williams from coming a cropper on her present marriage, if the gossips are to be believed. Miss Williams, or Mrs. Charles Eyton, has stormed through previous marriages and knows just when she has had enough. She usually comes back

to her hill-side home with a trunkful of souvenirs and enough patience to tide her over safely until the next flight.

The fact that she is well into the famed forties and her husband is a power on the studio lot where she fills her engagements may help to lend patience to this otherwise tempestuous star.

The Films' Most Famous Pair

HELOISE and Abelard, Romeo and Juliet, Launcelot and Elaine and all the other great lovers of history pale beside the magnificence of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, filmdom's most famous husband and wife. But even here there is an occasional clash of temperaments.

They are racially and artistically separated. She is the little Celtic dreamer, with the seeking look in her eyes for long hours of peace. He is volatile and restless.

The time came when his volcanic enthusiasms were too much for his married partner, it is related by an eye-witness. She was rehearsing on her set. The scene demanded wistfulness—and how well she does it! Her husband blundered in with a crowd of friends, turned three cartwheels, did a neat somersault and was about to chin himself when his wife suddenly ceased being wistful and told him icily to leave her stage—forever. (Continued on page 86)

The FOREIGN LEGION

C It Used to Be That the Easiest Way to Pay off the Mortgage on the Ancestral Castle Was to Marry a rich American. Now Scions of Old But Impoverished Houses In Europe Put Vaseline on Their Hair and Come to Hollywood to Do a Valentino



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

C Charles DeRoche, who came from Paris to go into the movies, but not—and he wants it understood—to fill Valentino's shoes. Charles admits he is a count and that all the French girls are crazy about him.

Invades HOLLYWOOD

THE Foreign Legion has invaded Hollywood. In battle array of titles, both real and synthetic, clad in the glamor that surrounds the foreigner, armored with the sword of insolence and the shield of publicity, the Legion has crashed through our gates.

Hollywood has fallen before its dominance. More, producers seem to beg for the privilege of featuring it, individually or *en masse*.

Pola Negri Began It.

POLA NEGRI began it. While an actress of considerable power, Pola was by no means a sensation in Europe, according to authentic reports. But her fame was great in America, after *Passion* reached us. And when Lasky brought her over here with a fanfare of trumpets, it was expected that she would reign as a thespian queen.

But the great inspiration that Pola was going to give our Art somehow failed to materialize. To be crudely candid, Pola has "flopped."

Had her first American-made picture approached the qualities of artistry shown in the work she did abroad, she might have continued to hold the sceptre in her white, ruthless hand. And if Pola had had tact——!

But Pola and tact were not twin sisters, nor even distant cousins. The attentions paid her by worshipful officials, the flattery of the press, the ogling to which she was submitted everywhere she went, made an impression upon Pola. She began to believe she was as great as they said she was.

Then came her first American-made picture. Her *Bella Donna* lacked the fire, the flashing genius of her *Du Barry* and her *Carmen*. She was swaggering, gauche, sometimes unlovely. Her heroine, who was supposed to be a wicked, passion-ridden thing, was only luke-warm, and didn't seem to know herself what it was all about.

"Lubitsch is Pola Negri," said the wise ones.

Can Pola come back? Will another vivid performance such as her gypsy-dancer in *One Arabian Night* restore her to her wobbling throne? I doubt it. Pola has been rubber-stamped.

But her failure to keep afire the torch of American idolatry has in no way checked the influx of foreigners who are arriving in legions. Time was when the best way to pay off the mortgage on the old manor was to marry a wealthy American girl. Now the scions of ancient but impoverished houses in Europe put vaseline on their hair and come over to put Valentino out of business.

Even Directors Should be Foreign.

ANY actor who can pin a foreign flag or a bright ribbon on his coat does not have to knock at the studio door; it is thrown wide and he is bowed obsequiously in. Even directors really should be of foreign lineage now, to get the big plums being handed out by film moguls.

Eric Von Stroheim, George Fitzmaurice, and Ernst Lubitsch, as well as Victor Seastrom, are good examples. They are earning their welcome, however; Von Stroheim only recently through his work in *Greed*, paid for many of his sins.

But many others have not proved themselves yet.

What About Andrée Lafayette?

ABOUT the gifts of Andrée Lafayette, the Parisian actress imported to play Trilby, we are adopting the Mis-

sourian's attitude. We see little about Andrée to cause us to rise up in great excitement. Beautiful, yes, like white gold. A vague negative personality, rather than the positive, receptive one which should characterize any foreigner seeking recognition here.

Also in the Trilby cast is one Maurice Canon, who modestly let the rumor wing its way around that he is a count in his own home town in France. He did not give a statement to that effect to the press. Nothing so crude! By wearing a most unique signet ring and when pressed, by admitting it to be a family seal worn only by those of noble lineage, etc., etc., the count with due modesty got the word around.

But if he proves he can act, we won't hold his rank against him. We're democratic, we are, and he can live down his title in time, perhaps!

De Roche From Gay Paree.

CHARLES DE ROCHE is another member of the Foreign Legion from that dear France. Charles is also a count, and considerable punkins in gay Paree. He admits it himself. And he has very definite and laudable, though hardly modest, notions about filling anybody's shoes.

"Me Valentino's successor?" he sighed disdainfully to the press, upon his arrival in America. "*Mais non!* I am no man's successor. I am myself, individual. My art, she is different from all ze ozzer actors' art."

With one wave of his long, slim hand, he eliminated Rudy from the calculations. In Paris he is loved by all the girls. But in America——? Time alone will tell.

• *From Russia Comes Thais.*

A FEW months ago, came one Thais Valdemar, a Russian. According to her publicity, Thais has spent half her life in prisons. On the strength of having been incarcerated in smelly dungeons and thrown out upon the cruel, cold snow of Siberia, Thais has secured a good part in *Trilby*, which bids fair to have an All-Nobility cast. The understanding that prevails in Hollywood is that Thais' sufferings have had time in which to be dulled by forgetfulness, as she has been an artist's model in New York for quite some time. A lovely, shapely thing, is Thais.

From Vienna Comes a Countess.

IN Rex Ingram's *Scaramouche* is the Countess Marianna Lola Devcich of Vienna. She is about eighteen years old, a luscious, full-blooded type. She promises to drop her title for screen purposes and uses Marianna Moya as a screen name.

When the Countess Edith de Beaumont wore her coronet in court circles, her nose was called patrician. There was quite a bit of the Countess' nose. But when she sought a screen career in Hollywood, after appearing in several German productions, she found that directors called the de Beaumont nose something else. So the noble lady went to town one day and had a portion of the nose sliced off. Now she has only to decide between the various roles offered her, and bask in the publicity accorded her title.

History Repeats Itself.

DARK-EYED boys from the Latin countries who yearn for screen careers all ought to be good dancers. See what Valentino and Ramon Novarro got by being good dancers! And it was on the dancing floor at the Ambassador that Ricardo Cortez, once of sunny Spain, got his chance. Jesse Lasky observed him, sent a note by the waiter, asking him to come over to his table, and the next day signed him up on a five-year contract. Ricardo is appearing in *Children of Jazz*.

Blood and Sand is perhaps responsible for the importation of Don Armando, the idol of Spain, to play the lead in an independent production. Don Armando is a bull-fighter, and he bows adorably from the waist when addressed. He is a relative of the king of Spain, has a skull-and-crossbones crest on his card, and has served in half a dozen armies.

The statement that the Viscount Glerawly, lately of dignified British court circles, is to play in C. B. DeMille's "The Ten Commandments", fails to excite us. Perhaps the fact that the Viscountess Annesley, his mother, is a bosom companion of the Queen of England may have something to do with the honors being tendered the titled gentleman—it may help to preserve amicable relations between nations!

Cesare Gravina is a foreigner of note who, summoned from Brazil to play in the Universal mezzo-drama, "Merry Go Round", adds dignity to the films. But he does not

C Cesare Gravina, was once a famous opera singer in Milan, and was a dear friend of Caruso's. Now he's in the movies.



C All dark-eyed boys yearning for screen careers ought to learn dancing. See what dancing did for Valentino—to say nothing of the young man above, Ricardo Cortez.

force his importance upon you. He is a meek little old gentleman who makes himself inconspicuous and you'd never dream that he was once a famed opera singer and conductor in Milan, that Caruso was his dear friend and that he remembers when Mary Garden sang for five dollars at La Scala where he conducted.

Sigrid Holmquist also has an enviable reputation abroad, where she is called "the Swedish Mary Pickford". Playing Jack Holt's leading lady in "A Gentleman of Leisure", she is working quietly, not seeking the glamour of publicity, and we predict that she will be among the few importations to prove worthy of the attention being accorded the Foreign Legion.

Mam'selle Liane Salvor, formerly leading lady to the Champs Elysées Theatre, Paris, blew in with a sweet scent of perfume trailing in her wake, to play in a Gloria Swanson picture. Such charming interviews she gave the press in her quaint Continental accent! But what has happened to Mam'selle? One sees her no more about the studios.

Easto Ekman—you pronounce it Yesta Akman—is coming to California to make pictures for Goldwyn. He is the Swedish Valentino, though different in type.

When you see Georges Calliga, the Parisian actor, in American pictures soon, you will probably see him under another name—a more pronounceable one.

Maria Draga, a young thing of Serbian and English parentage, has played the lead in several independent productions. She is blonde and sixteen years old.

And so they come, the Foreign Legion, knocking at the gates of Hollywood, and ushered in with a fanfare of publicity. Titles for Sale? Who'll buy, who'll buy?



PHOTO BY SPURR

C Don Armando, a relative of the King of Spain, whose prestige as a bull-fighter has won him a leading rôle in an independent production.



UNIVERSAL PHOTO

The Picture of the Month

BAVU

Universal-Jewel Production



A SOMBRE picture is *Bavu*. The tired business man and the romantic shop-girl may not care for it. But it is a grim and powerful picture of Russia under the Bolshevik terror, when the tyranny of czars gives way to the more awful tyranny of the rabble.

Bavu, played superbly by Wallace Beery, is a blacksmith grown drunk with sudden power, "a dog who would bite, when he no longer feels the master's lash." He is a savage, greedy peasant-demagogue, who sways his ignorant fellows by a sort of animal shrewdness that serves him for intelligence. He is swayed in turn by Olga, his mistress, a beautiful and calculating schemer who lusts for gold and the power the gold will bring. *Bavu* has two desires: to enrich himself and Olga by looting the hated aristocrats, and to crush one Mischka, a fellow member of the Tribunal who has dared to oppose his bloody methods. How the doom he thinks to mete out to Mischka and his sweetheart, the Princess Annia whom Mischka has saved from the rabble, reacts terribly upon himself and Olga, makes a thrilling but gruesome tale.

Stuart Paton, who directed *Bavu*, has evidently taken a leaf from Rex Ingram's book; his characters are all "types". Especially happily cast in his small role was Nick de Ruiz.

Sylvia Breamer earns praise as Olga. She is highly satisfactory. Estelle Taylor, however, is disappointing as the Princess Annia. Her transition from disdain of the low-born Mischka who dared to command her, even to save her, to the adoration she later gives him, is by no means marked enough. She is weak.

Forrest Stanley, who played the part of Mischka, at no time looked the peasant he is supposed to be. But he is pleasantly heroic and puts up a very neat battle with the wholly admirable *Bavu*. This is one case where the villain not only steals the picture; he is the picture.



C The first authentic close-up of Hollywood as it really is.

FOOL'S GOLD

Diary of an Extra Girl

THE FIRST part of this story showed that when an extra girl takes her pen in hand, the paper is bound to sizzle. You may have read racy fiction and the new realistic literature, but this is life raw and unadorned—the true life story of struggles and tiny achievements, tears and chuckles, pathos and bathos, of the most fantastic life in the world—that of a motion picture extra girl in Hollywood. The manuscript is given just as the writer jotted it down from day to day; to polish would have been fatal

to the flavor of it. After landing a job or two as a vestal virgin—perfect “figger” required and three men to act as judges—and as a double for a star with a streak of yellow, and after having been initiated into Hollywood’s highest society as a guest at “Pickfair”—the Douglas Fairbank-Mary Pickford mansion in Beverly Hills, our vivacious pen-wielder in this month’s story becomes atmosphere in the heart of the desert and throws ink into the illusions we cherish regarding “local stuff”. It’s good!

The Diary Continues

May 13, 1921.

IT'S BEEN MONTHS since any of the "would-bes" have worked. I class all the girls at the Studio Club in the acting end of the business as "has-beens" "ares" and "would-bes", meaning that some have been stars, others are now stars, and some of us perhaps, never will be, though we aspire to be. As one might imagine, the "would-bes" are in a constant state of being down and out, so when three of us landed a job to go on location for four weeks in the desert, there was much genuine rejoicing.

One of the three immediately rushed to the bank, drew out her last twelve dollars, and dashed to the drug store. Being of a most generous nature, instead of buying one each, of articles of make-up, she bought three, one for each of her comrades. She spent all but fifty cents on powders, creams, grease paints and puffs. Having lived most of her life in London she was well qualified to know the exact requisites for life in a movie camp on the desert.

We left the studio in busses and drove out to the desert, a lovely drive. At last we arrived at a camp: any army camp would look much the same; rows and rows of little white tents with one big mess tent. They were to house about four hundred men and only forty girls. The men consisted of ex-cowboys, ex-bartenders, Mexicans, and the usual number of old actors and relatives of the heads of the picture company. The girls were friends of friends. I openly admit to you, my diary, that the best way to get into pictures is to be a friend of someone. One of the three of us knew the director, one the assistant director, and the other the camera man; hence the job.

We were assigned to our tent; three little cots, a table, a mirror, a washbasin and a pitcher. We sat down aghast. I'd always longed to be a gypsy, but somehow the thrill had suddenly evaporated. The sand was dirty and hard to walk on, the tent was smelly, and life seemed empty. We made up our beds with clean linen and blankets, and got some cold water to wash our hands. Then a bugle blew. It was supper time. There was much shouting and loud talk among the men and everyone rushed to the mess tent. The dinner was good—when it started, but somehow things were stone cold when they reached us, and the white agate plates made me shiver.

Thank God for Books

THANK GOD, Betty brought some books. We spent the whole evening reading and discussing stories of Chekov and Balzac. To me, *An Atheist's Communion* is the greatest short story I have ever read. I shall always associate it with the strange feeling of that first night. The spell of the desert had caught us already, we agreed.

But next morning, the "spell" had vanished, as we rose out of our hard, cold army cots at six, and washed, or rather dampened our hands and faces with the bit of water left from the night before.

I could not eat a mouthful of breakfast. Even the coffee had a queer taste.

We were told to go to a far-away tent for our costumes, get made up as Arabian maidens and be on the set by nine o'clock.

Our costumes consisted of two pieces of Scotch plaid material, a few bracelets and necklaces, and a quantity of "bol-armenia" a liquid paint to put on our bodies so that we would photograph like brown Arabs.

We returned to our tent, painted ourselves, draped our material around our bodies, tied the scarfs around our heads and started for the set.

And the set was gorgeous. Everything Eastern; Sheik's tents, mosques, and little low oriental huts. It was sup-

posed to be an oasis in the desert. There were camels, handsome horses, baby colts, donkeys—one little baby donkey only two days old—little white lambs and goats—making up a caravan.

It is surprising how clothes make the man, for our cowboys, bartenders and poets looked like really-truly Arabs in their flowing robes and turbaned heads.

The women were given places about the tents and there we sat all day, while the men rode in and out on horseback, and the Sheik died upon a balcony of one of the little houses. We all gathered around him, and one real Arab led the mob in a prayer to Allah while we buried our heads in the sand. This scene was taken over and over again, as some "dumb-bell" would insist on peeping out of the sand before the director had decided that Allah and the Sheik's soul had finished their greetings in the Great Beyond.

A Long, Hard Day

WE WORKED until sundown, only breaking for lunch, which I ate regardless of the curious taste which still was in the coffee. I afterwards learned it was saltpeter! But we were all starving, so we ate heartily, regardless of everything.

After supper a lot of the boys assembled in our tent; a cowboy, an art director, a carpenter, some of the Extras, and two musicians, one with a violin, the other with an accordian. They entertained us for hours. One of our "three graces", who is rather cynical on the male question, and usually classifies men in comparison to an alleged director called Mr. Skunkington, whispered to me, "Not so bad as skunks and super-skunks go, are they?" I laughed, for really they were a nice crowd of boys, every one of them a personality in his own way, and so interesting to me.

We sang and played till midnight, as impersonally as a crowd of soldiers in the army camps might have done. After the boys had gone, we three girls discussed, till nearly two A. M., the futility of pursuing our careers in the elusive "art" of the silent drama.

*Naked or Nude, Which?*My Birthday,
June 1, 1921.

I'VE POSED for Art Titles for over a week, and have made quite a bit of money. This, of course, is fine, but a great question has risen in my mind. I want to fathom the difference in people's minds between being naked and being nude. I have always felt that going about naked was indecent. Yet when I see some girls positively garmentless and find myself very scantily clothed, working in pictures, though we are referred to as "nude" or "semi-nude" models, I feel as decent and self-respecting as I do when playing for the Sacred Film Company.

Art Titles are taken with a still camera, and there is a large thick sheet of glass between the camera and the models. The camera is placed a long way from us. One girl who has a beautiful figure did the nude posing. I don't disapprove of it, yet I cannot honestly say I enjoy it. I wore chiffon drapes, a long beaded girdle, and large jeweled breast plates, and then my long thick hair gave me a sense of protection. But the last day of this work, I definitely made up my mind to bob my hair and go in for flapper parts.

Why do so many people have natures that do not suit their bodies? Now quite aside from any feeling of modesty, I like being clothed. I'm cold most of the time, and I hate being cold. I despise walking without heels, as one must in all Oriental costumes. I have always loathed long hair, blanketed about my neck or braided like a crown on my head. I like short hair, furs, high heels, long

shimmering, slinky gowns, yet my fate decrees that I must ever be a skin-showing be-sandaled extra girl, clad only in her own hair.

Picture directors are awful about getting into ruts. If they have once seen you act a maid's part, then you will forever be a maid. If you are a rich society girl in a picture, then eternally you must portray riches, no matter how your soul may yearn to do human interest stuff in rags. So my attempt to be a bob-haired flapper may fail, but Heigh-ho, I'm off now to the barber to be shorn of my raven locks. No more nudes or naked for me.

July 1, 1921.

IT'S A MONTH since I've written in my diary. The hair is bobbed, and as I suspected, the old naked complex still pursues me. The first call I got the day after my locks were clipped was to be a slave in a slave market set. Just hair and a sheet. I accepted, with what philosophy I could muster, rushed back to the barber for my lost hair, had it made into switches which I pinned on, and tying a band around my head, I successfully concealed my bob.

The next call was for an Indian part, I was to be a sort

of half breed. Here they gave me a few more clothes, but my long hair had to be put on in two thick braids that hung down from my ears. I have the reputation of being one of the few girls left in Hollywood with long locks.

Then came a promise of work for weeks in a large spectacular, historical, cut-back, which meant that I again reverted to type as my primitive forebear. I dared not refuse, as countless bills stared me in the face, and my blue serge suit was so shiny, it looked like satin in the bright California sunshine.

No, I have not decided what the difference is between nakedness, or nudity, but I have decided that as truly as a leopard cannot change his spots, neither can an extra girl change her type.

Comedienne for a Day

July 15, 1921.

ONE MORNING I lived in the seventh heaven of bliss. I thought I'd found my real vocation in life. Over a year ago I went to a fortune teller, who told me I'd never be a success till I went into comedies. Now I know I'm about as much a comedy type as Bull Montana is a "Tailor-Made-

They slapped me with an over-ripe tomato, hit me with a custard pie and finally threw me in a mud-puddle and tossed a rubber safe on top of me. That's the way you emote on a comedy lot.



Man" type. Still the idea clung to me, and I often sneak into the Comedy Companies hoping I won't see anyone I know, and I ask for a job. I need not add that I never get said job! But the husband of a friend of mine is directing comedies at Fox's, so last week he called me up, and said I could work that day.

Well, I borrowed the jazziest-looking sport outfit in the Club, put on baby bowed lips, and heavy beaded eye lashes, and sallied forth. I even tried to change my worldly-wise cold grey eyes to an empty baby stare, and somehow or other, taking me all in all, I felt at eleven A. M. that I was a great and phenomenal success.

They fanned me with a wet paint brush while I fainted. They threw a pie at my head, and a too ripe tomato in my ear. I liked it all; yes, really. Then I fell into a hole and tried not to look unconcerned while they threw a rubber safe on top of me. By lunch time I felt like Houdini, and I planned what jewels I'd buy when I became a great Serial Queen. Yes, indeed, comedy was my line. Why, oh why hadn't I discovered it sooner? The charming Spanish bungalow of my dreams spun round in my head with my Rolls Royce and my pedigreed pomeranian.

I told myself there were no great comedians alive now, and no really first class pantomimist, except of course Charlie Chaplin. I resolved to go to see his pictures constantly. I would not imitate him; oh no, but I would develop my own genius along my own new and original lines. The old comedies were such hokum! The same pies were slung with such clock-like regularity. How fresh and unspoiled would be my startling disclosures! In a year I would have risen to such heights that I would be emblazoned as the only truly great *Comedienne*.

I worked for eight hours that memorable first day. I had many close-ups, and by night, though my bones were weary, I felt deeply satisfied and elated. The ten dollar pay check was as nothing to the blissful news that I was to work next day. Jumping off a pier at San Pedro, they said it would be, and a few minor water stunts. I did not blanch. I would show them. I could hardly talk to anyone at dinner time. I felt I must rush up to a mirror and see myself, the future *Comedienne* of the screen.

I longed to be alone, for I had once heard it said that Pola Negri practices over and over the expression, or the walk, or the gesture she wants for a particular emotion. I would do the same. At last my great chance had come. I would be able to seize it, because I was ready. The virgin would stand with her lamp well trimmed and oiled. I feigned a headache, refused to go to the dance I had been counting on for weeks, and went silently to my attic room, still in make-up.

Not being able to fathom my strange mood, my room-mates went off to the dance without me. At last I was alone. I put out all the lights. I lighted a candle before my mirror, and began my posing. Now all this is most foreign to my nature. Gazing into the mirror has always made me dizzy, and beyond a cursory glance or two, I never indulge. But tonight I felt like a changed being, a creature with a mission in life, a laughter-maker. So for three long and uninterrupted hours I labored to produce a stock of comedy expressions.

The girls caught me leering with the candle sputtering, and my make-up rather disarranged. But I lied and said the electric light hurt my eyes. I could hardly sleep, with the thoughts of the great career ahead of me.

The next morning I landed at the studio at seven-thirty. The Assistant Director was sent to me. Strange how the dirty work is always given to the underlings. I staggered as his blow hit me between the eyes. He said:

"Sorry, Girlie, but we can't use you today. The star saw the rushes of your work yesterday, and he said: 'Gee, get another girl! This one is too damned lady-like.'"

Staggered, did I say? Only for an instant. There is nothing in my future life, my dear diary,—birth, death or tragedy of soul—that I shan't be prepared for. And meanwhile I know no better rule for keeping supple and flexible the muscles of your face than working for a day as a *Comedienne*.

"My Wife Doesn't Understand Me."

Sept. 3, 1921.

I AM wondering to-night if any wife in the world understands her husband. I've met at least six men today who assured me that their respective wives didn't understand them. In fact, they all use the same terms and the same gestures while expressing the same words, and they all have the same speech to follow up their original remark. It seems to me sometimes as if they have all played the same role in the same play.

There is a certain type of man whom you meet, and who for three or four meetings interests you. He treats you so impersonally, seems to understand you at once, gets your number completely. You say to yourself "Ah, here's a regular man." You find yourself wanting to go often to that particular agency, or casting office, or set. Then about the fifth or sixth "séance", friend director or agent will say to you—"My, but you are beautiful today. Really you are a wonderful girl."

He'll then take your hand, pat you, and say, "Do you know, dear, my wife doesn't understand me. She's a brick and a good mother, but she's not very well, and she doesn't understand me. You know I feel so contented when you are close to me. You understand me". (Action to suit the words.)

One man told the same thing to four different girls today. We compared notes at supper tonight.

One sweet little new "career seeker" liked the man quite well, and we let her talk on and on, and tell us how fine he was, and how sad it was for a splendid man like this to be tied to a wife who did not understand him.

I don't worry much about the wives in Hollywood, for "what is gravy for the gander is goose for the sauce," and I feel sure if the wives want to, they can be just as misunderstood as the husbands. Still, I do wish these particular men would get a new line.

I've been promised a part, a real part, in a picture that starts next week. It was promised to me by a misunderstood husband. But somehow I feel that I shall not get it. He says it means three weeks' work. I am to be an Oriental nurse maid. I run to maids' parts. I've been a French maid, an Italian servant, an Oriental slave and an American waitress. I also seem to specialize in harems, Western bar-rooms, and white slave dens. Often I vacillate between being an international servant and an international prostitute. My poor mother almost died the first time she saw me in a white slave picture. She wrote:

"Why don't they cast you as Evangeline or Ramona? You have such a Madonna-like expression."

Was there ever a mother who didn't think her daughter the image of the Sistine Madonna?

Oh, I am all elated about my Oriental maid job. I think I can handle my misunderstood man. He promises me fifty dollars a week for three weeks. What I can do with one hundred and fifty dollars!

First I'll have my teeth fixed. I am so tired of feeling that cavity in my wisdom tooth. I owe the dentist forty dollars, and I don't dare pass his office. I pray daily I won't meet him on the Boulevard. Then with the rest of my salary I can pay four weeks' board, buy a new pair of shoes, and pay the girls the money I owe them, and I shall have enough left to lend the "broke band" a (*Cont. on p. 94*)

SCREENLAND'S

"AND PAT SAID TO MIKE. . ."

This story, told by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., made an enormous hit at Charles Ray's lawn-party, recently. Those polite enough to turn their faces to the camera are Harold Lloyd, Mildred Davis Lloyd, Mrs. Charles Ray (a mosquito just bit her ankle, you notice), Theda Bara, Charles Ray, Fred Niblo and (with the pipe), Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. Theda seems to be getting the greatest kick out of the story.



Keystone Photo

**FOR SWEET CHAR-
ITY'S SAKE**

Society Debs like movie actors as well as shop-girls. At the recent 42nd Street Fête in New York, society girls turned waitresses and vied for the privilege of bringing chocolate sodas to Glenn Hunter, star of "Merton of the Movies."

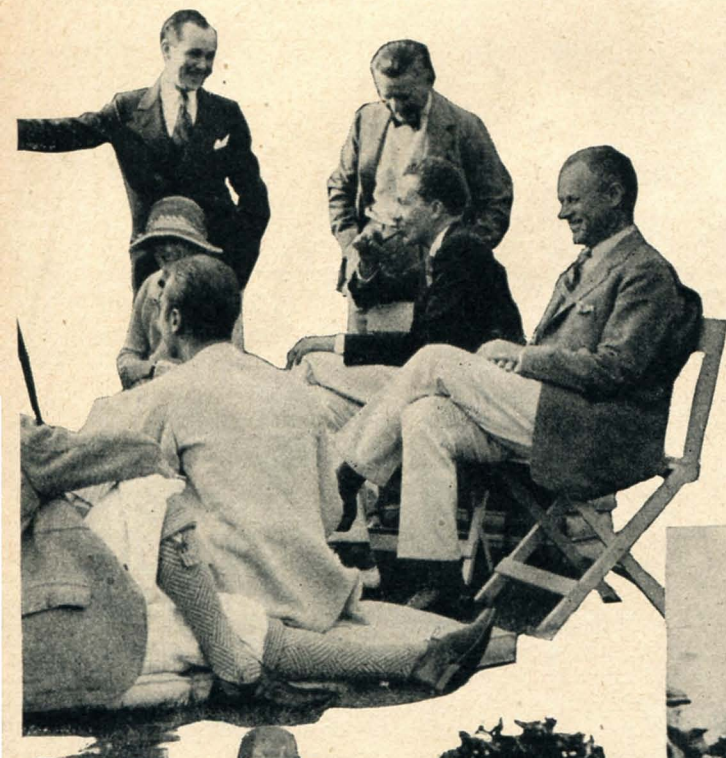
**AUTHOR MEETS
STARLET**

One of Irvin Cobb's most enjoyable experiences during his last visit to the coast was his meeting with Jackie Coogan.



Keystone Photo

NEWS REEL

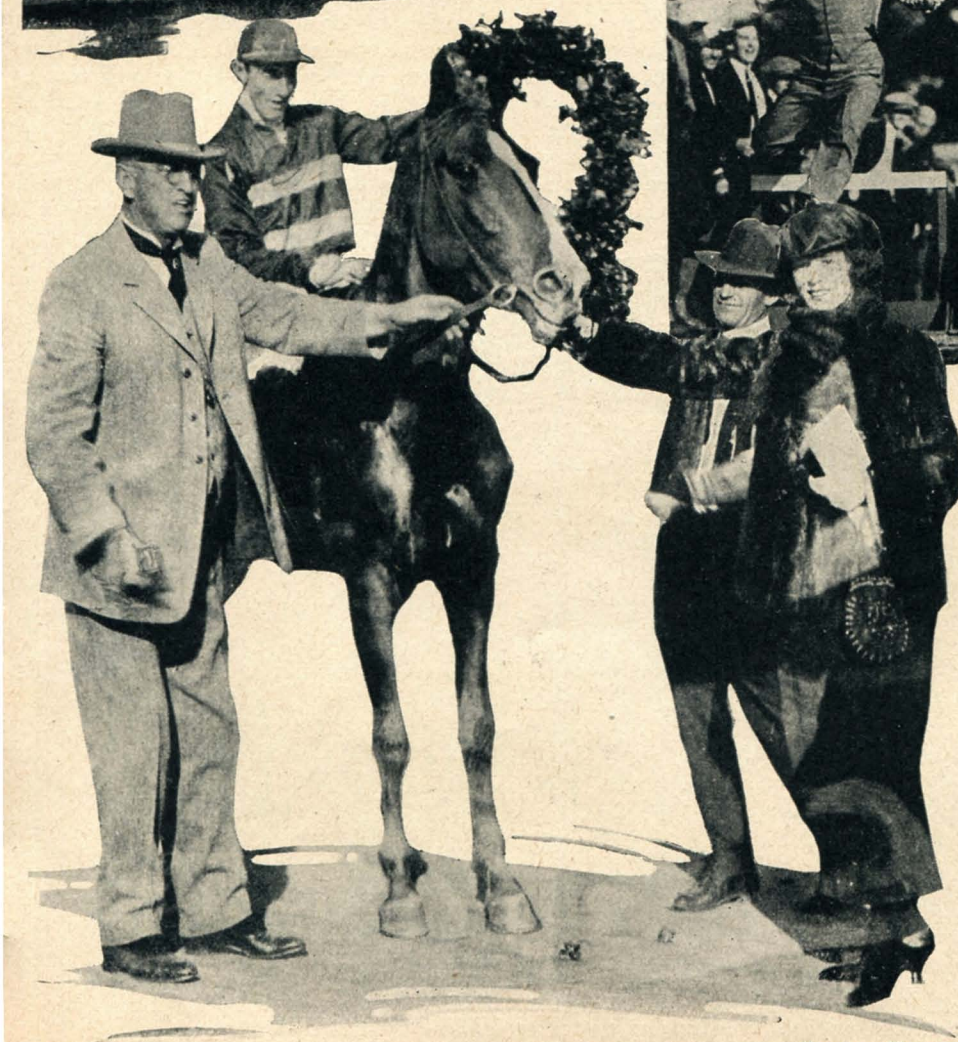


ACTORS MAKE CHAMPION STEP.

Charles Paddock, crack hurdler of the University of Southern California, has two rivals in Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin. Doug would rather sprint than eat, and Charlie won't admit that Doug can do anything that he can't do.



Wide World Photo



AT THE RACES

Just to show that we still have plenty of high stepers out here on the coast, Anita Stewart offered a trophy for the winner of the races at Ascot Park, Los Angeles. Lantern, the horse who came in first, was given a personal introduction to the beautiful Anita, and a floral horseshoe.

Keystone Photo

C Don't say we told you, but here's the low-down on what's really going on in Hollywood. Listen to this

INSIDE STUFF

BOOM TIMES are back again in Hollywood. After months of business depression, decreased production and salary cuts, the studios are fairly humming with activity. And salaries are back at the old lush state of three years back.

It's an interesting fact that it is the free-lance players that are benefiting by the boom. Actors who sign up for only one picture at a time are naming their own salaries—and are getting them.

Lon Chaney used to earn about \$750 a week, six months ago. Now he's getting \$2200 a week, and his services are much in demand. At present he is doing marvelous work in the title rôle of *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, for Universal.

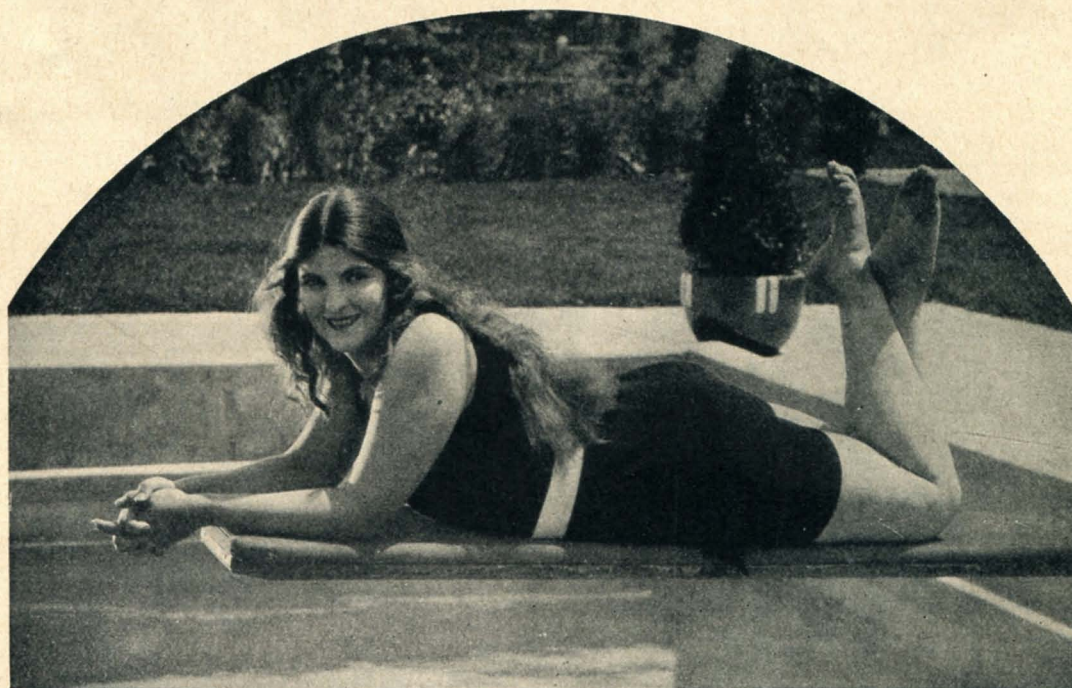
The wages of sin are getting bigger every day. Wallace Beery has about doubled his salary, receiving an average of \$1500 each and every pay day. Noah Beery can go out and earn \$1000 for a couple days' work on a big picture.

After her splendid work in Charles Ray's *The Girl I Loved*, Patsy Ruth Miller now rates a salary of \$1250 a week. Last year she only got \$200. Patsy Ruth is one of the most promising of the younger actresses. Her work in the Ray picture showed a sympathetic understanding and a finish that augurs well for her future.

Milton Sills isn't worrying a bit about the wolf at the door. Now that he's free-lancing, he gets \$1500 a week, and recently he worked on three pictures at a time! He used to get only \$750 a week under his Paramount contract.

Florence Vidor has jumped from \$800 to \$1500, and James Kirkwood has made about the same leap. Irene Rich has earned a salary of about \$450 a week for several years, but is now earning \$1000 for her work in Mary Pickford's new picture, *Rosita*.

It is also an encouraging fact that the pecuniary rewards are going, not so much to the Handsome Harolds of the industry, but to the character actors, who are the real



UNIVERSAL PHOTO

HER OWN SWIMMING POOL

Since Priscilla Dean moved into her new Colonial mansion, she has her own private swimming pool. A private swimming pool, like an ermine coat, is the visible symbol of stardom



P. & A. PHOTO

'SCULPING' GLORIA

Gloria Swanson looks on approvingly as David Edstrom, the world-famous sculptor, puts the finishing touches on his clay bust of the star. The finished statue will be in marble

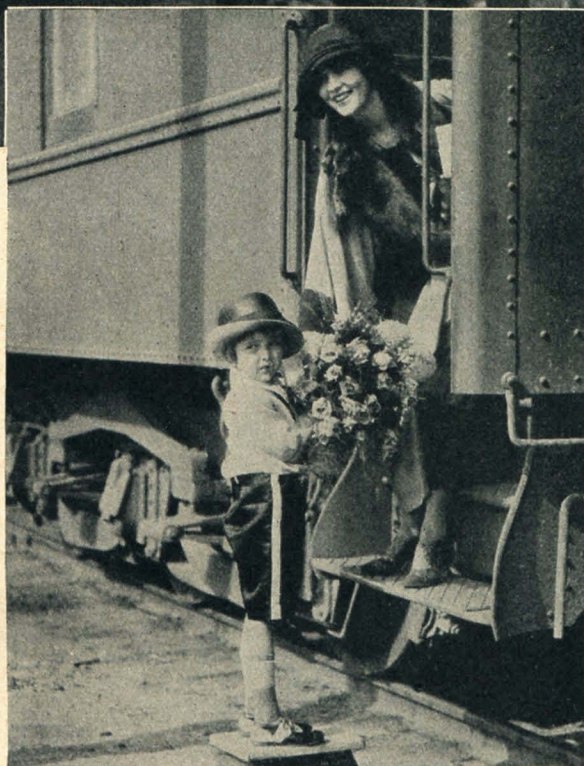
backbone of the dramatic system. At the recent Wampas Frolic, the actor who got the biggest hand from the audience was Ernest Torrence, homely, gangling, admirable Ernest Torrence.

Torrence, by the way, says he is fed up on unshaven, "dirty dog" rôles such as he impersonated with such success in *Tol'able David* and *The Covered Wagon*. He refuses to become a type, and insists on rôles in which he can wear a clean collar, once in a while. By the way, he can do comedy as well as villainy, and has a comedy rôle in Tourneur's *Brass Bottle*.

The pretty male star and the sugar-sweet female star are on the toboggan and the skids are greased, at least at the Paramount West Coast Studio. Only three persons are to be starred there, according to the last-minute announcement of their production plans,—Gloria Swanson, Thomas Meighan and Pola Negri. They will be starred because they are sure-fire box-office successes. All-star casts in big specials will be the order of the day at Paramount. An encouraging sign, which means the death knell of the program picture. Allah be praised.

Ibanez Has a Movie Market

IF VINCENTE BLASCO IBANEZ wrote a Spanish version of *Ella, the Beautiful Cloak Model*, some producer would snap it up for the screen. His market is assured since *The Four*



CLAIRE COMES BACK

Back from all sorts of triumphs in the East, where she dined with members of the '400' and was fêted by society, Claire Windsor comes back to Hollywood and Billy-boy, her little son

Horsemen and Blood and Sand. Now it is reported that Jesse Lasky has purchased the screen rights of *Argentine Love*, by Ibanez. Oh, Rudie, where are you?

The Countess Holds Court

THE Countess Edita de Beaumont, late of Paris and now intent on breaking into the charmed circle of filmdom, is daily becoming more and more a popular hostess in Hollywood. In her cunning little bungalow, she conducts a *salon*, entertaining writers and players of the film colony. Fearing that her nose was a bit too long for screen purposes, she had a little piece cut off, so that now it looks exactly like Norma Talmadge's. The Countess, whose husband was killed in action during the war, has the most adorable small son in Hollywood. With his soft brown bobbed hair, parted softly on the side, and his broad white Eton collar, he looks exactly like a page from some foreign court. And when he greets his mother's women guests by bowing low and kissing their hands, like a cunning little courtier, his conquest of Hollywood is complete. As a gallant and a lady-killer, little Walstad de Beaumont bids fair to outstrip Charlie Chaplin.

Betty Morrissey Is Unique

BETTY MORRISSEY, young, pretty and the ingenue in Charlie Chaplin's new picture, is unique in Hollywood. She is the only pretty girl who has been associated with Chaplin in pictures who has never been rumored to be engaged to him!

Never once has she come out in the papers with the statement that "Charlie and I are only very good friends!"

Remarkable, *n'est-ce pas?*

A Sister, Willy-nilly

THE other day Priscilla Dean received a long-distance call from McKeesport, Pa. She answered the phone and a voice came over the wire:

"Priscilla? This is your little sister Eunice. I haven't seen you for twenty years, but I'm leaving tomorrow for Hollywood."

The actress declared with vehemence that she had no sister, never had had one.

"Oh yes, you have," the voice said. "I'm your sister and I'm coming to visit you in California."

And all along the way from McKeesport, Pa., letters and



JACKIE HAS NEW SISTER

Jackie Coogan has a new little sister. Little Priscilla Dean Moran's mother died and her father was too ill to care for her, so Mrs. Jack Coogan has taken the little girl under her protecting care



PHOTOS BY KATHERINE LANE HUNGERFORD

'TWO GUN' BILLY

William S. Hart, Jr., looks just exactly like his daddy. If you look closely, you can see two crossed revolvers carved on the back of his chair, in memory of the daddy who doesn't come to see him

wires—collect—began to come to Priscilla, informing her that "sister" was on her way. Priscilla says that not only did she never have a sister, but that she never lived in Pennsylvania.

Fatty To Come Back

WE HAD never thought of Fatty Arbuckle as a Valentino, but it seems he shakes a nasty ankle, for he has been engaged to dance at the Marigold Gardens in Chicago, according to a report. His salary will be \$2500 a week, but he can only collect \$500 of it. The rest of it goes to the government as back payment on a \$30,000 income tax debt.

There is a rumor also that Fatty will do a dancing act in a Chicago theatre. How the audiences will receive him is a question. Stage audiences seem more charitably inclined than picture audiences. At a recent

performance for the benefit of the National Vaudeville Association, Fatty received a great ovation.

Fatty had made a generous donation, on the condition that his name be not mentioned. But the master of ceremonies felt that this was a good time to test the situation, and returning to the stage, held up his hand, and said:

"Friends, a donation has been made by a man in this audience who has made millions laugh. He was a victim of circumstances that any one of those millions might have encountered. It was a misfortune—for the millions and for the victim, Mr. Roscoe Arbuckle."

For five minutes cheers and applause made the theatre ring. Arbuckle would not get up or bow. He just sat still and looked straight ahead, and those near him could see that there were tears in his eyes.

Little Drops of Water

FRISCO, the eccentric comedian who made himself famous with the dance featuring his cigar, went out to Larry Semon's place the other evening. He told his friends about it next day.

"Larry opened champagne like water," he said. "It tasted like that, anyway."

Shirley Mason Follows Sister's Suit

NO SOONER had Viola Dana convalesced from her appendicitis operation than sister Shirley Mason acquired the

ailment. She underwent an operation the other day, and is now recovering nicely.

An Atrophied Sense of Humor

WHAT is there about orthodoxy that atrophies the sense of humor? We have known scores of admirable clergymen but most of them were totally lacking in a sense of humor. Undoubtedly that lack accounts for the action of the clergymen of Venice, California, in petitioning the Board of

Trustees of Venice to forbid the showing of Charlie Chaplin's *The Pilgrim*. The good pastors said that the picture insulted the Christian ministry and was detrimental to the morals of the people. The Board of Trustees happily could see a joke without a diagram, and refused to take action.

Evelyn Brent Quits Doug

FOR SIX MONTHS, beautiful Evelyn Brent has basked in the glory of being Douglas Fairbanks' leading lady in his pirate picture. That's practically all she did, for work on the picture was postponed time after time. The other day Evelyn just decided that a job in the hand was worth two in the vague future, so she quit Douglas cold. And now Julianne Johnston, the dancer, has the part.

In commenting on Evelyn's departure, Douglas said gallantly, "I am sure the faith that both Miss Pickford and I have in Miss Brent's future success is justified."

To Bob or Not To Bob

TO BOB or not to bob—that is the question that is raging in the film colony. Fashion edicts banning the bobbed hair have been issued, but the silken locks continue to fall in Hollywood. In the ranks of unbobbed-but-want-to-be are Patsy Ruth Miller and May McAvoy. Those who have long since succumbed are Helene Chadwick, Claire Windsor, Mae Busch, Nita Naldi, (those lovely locks are false, dear) Blanche Sweet, Mildred Davis,—oh, almost everybody but Mary Pickford and Louise Fazenda.

Is Pola To Have a Rival?

ANOTHER one, that is. Another foreign artiste—that's what they call 'em over there—is headed for these shores. She's Polish, too, and has shone on the European stage. Her name is Sylva Nadina.

Reflected Glory

FEMININE Hollywood palpitated the other day over a sale of stars' garments in the Lasky wardrobe. Once or twice a year Ethel Chaffin, head designer of the studio, holds a sale, and a tremendous crush ensues invariably.

Betty Morrissey is young, pretty and the ingenue in Charlie Chaplin's new picture. Yet she has never been rumored to be engaged to him!

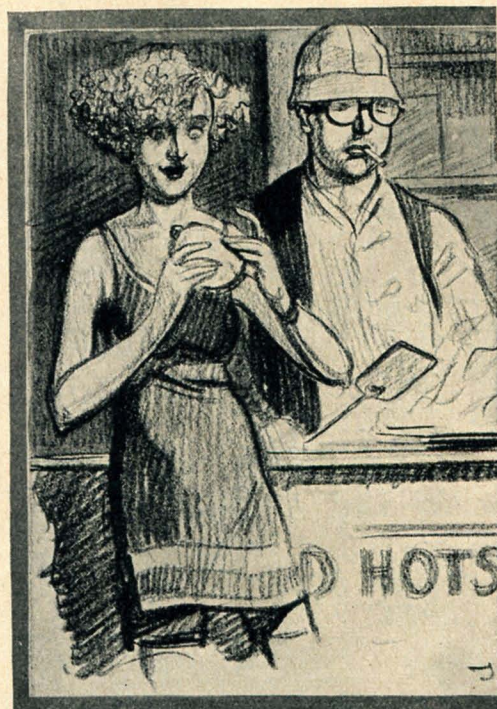


At CRYSTAL PIER

Pregnant Moments at the Seashore



Gladiola realizes that the bathing gal is *passée*; but believes that anything to tickle the eager optic of the director should be cultivated by lady aspirants to film fame.



Kathryn dotes in hot dogs, especially when hanging around the stand forms an excuse for not risking her permanent wave in the ocean.



Mr. McGillicuddy of Four Corners, Vermont, retired, had supposed that the gentleman in the Kute Kut clothes was either Robert Warwick or Henry Walthall. Now the gentleman is offering him the opportunity of a lifetime on the ground floor in Howlin' Honey oil units. Mr. McGillicuddy thinks that as it is a California well it gives olive oil.

—SEEN *by* SCREENLAND'S ARTIST

on Hollywood's Most Popular Beach.

—Ted Rupert



Her escort is skilfully registering disdain, indicating that he considers Kathryn's tastes a little vulgar.



The beach athaletic gal. She's so active you'd think she'd strain a tendon, but she strains nothing but the patience of the people who try to frolic with her.

Harold Scheek has made fair progress in dress up parts, but here he goes spoiling it all in one unguarded moment, when he allows his public to see him in his 114 pound altogether.



The human clothes horse. Irma knows she can wear anything. She has just finished work in a serial and has a new fur layout all paid for. No mere California sunshine is going to make her take 'em off, either.





Moral Scruples Go By the Board When the Movie Germ Gets in Its Work. How Impostors Seek to Bask in Reflected Star-Glory is Revealed

By
**MARJORIE
STRONG**

Every known subterfuge is used to force an entrance into a motion picture studio. Ed. Lewis, gateman at the Paramount West Coast studio, is from Missouri and suffers from chronic mental dyspepsia, so not many impostors get past him.

SECOND-HAND *C* GLORY

Is the public going movie mad?

From all over the country come reports of people masquerading as silversheet luminaries, wearing the borrowed garments of glory; and the studios are besieged constantly by an ever-increasing throng of curious sightseers.

Because of the halo of publicity that enshrouds the stars of the screen, because of the intimacy which prevails between public and players and which the producers have encouraged to awaken curiosity and the thread of personal affection that ensures patronage, it seems that half the world is centering its attention upon the movies. Either in impersonating some noted star and enjoying a momentary, second-hand glory, or in storming the film mills in an effort to pass within the magic portals and meet their favorites, is this public complex expressing itself.

Practically every famous player has suffered from these pretenders to the throne of their fame. A while back, Tony

Moreno was reported in six parts of the country at once, engaged in various lurid and shady enterprises, when, as a matter of fact, Tony was peaceably working in a studio. When one of the impostors attempted to cash a check, the hotel-manager in a Southern city became suspicious of the signature and the duplicity was exposed.

A Pseudo Anna Q. Nilsson

RECENTLY Anna Q. Nilsson, in Hollywood, was surprised to learn that she, Anna Q. Nilsson, had made a personal appearance in Milford, Mass., in conjunction with the showing of one of her pictures. But later news came that Mrs. Helen Anderson, masquerading as the lovely Anna Q., had been exposed by an irate theater-manager who had "stood good" for numerous articles of wearing apparel, and by Mrs. Alice Morgan and other members of fashionable so-

ciety in the Back Bay district who had been taken in by the hoax and had entertained most lavishly for the pseudo Anna Q.

When her double's bubble had been burst by the inconsiderate pins of exposure, Helen confessed that her drab life as the wife of a very poor man and the mother of four young children had become unbearable in its monotony. Denied the halo of fame for herself, she was determined to enjoy, however briefly, its glory. Back of her impersonation of the beautiful player lay a complex of repressions, the inherent longing of every woman—be she only a plain, imperfectly educated little Swedish wife—for fine feathers and admiration.

Stealing Bull Montana's Name

BULL MONTANA is about the only star who suffers little from pretenders. The battle-scarred visage of "the Bool" is in a class by itself, incapable of imitation. However, an enterprising manager made quite a bit of coin a few weeks ago by advertising Bull in a series of wrestling-matches over the country. When the crowd, attracted by his name, would fill the hall, he would read a telegram, purporting to be from the fistic celebrity, regretting his inability to be present. Substitutes would fight and the crowd, though grumbling, had no alternative save to remain for the second-class exhibition.

The most brazen impersonation occurred when an important looking man, with the stage-actor's superb aplomb, demanded entrance to the Lasky studio on the ground that he was Thomas Meighan! He bore a slight resemblance to the star but was much smaller—Tommy is a big, strapping fellow. Besides, Tommy's face is rather familiar about the studio where he works. Did the man get in? Not so you could notice it!

Becoming a self-appointed brother to a celebrity is an-

GOLDWYN PHOTO



Bull Montana suffers little from impersonations of impostors; his battle-scarred face is in a class by itself. But the manager of a prize-ring made quite a bit of money recently by using Bull's name to draw a crowd to his wrestling-matches.

other scheme by which many benighted souls have obtained lurid but brief publicity. A fake brother of Rodolph Valentino secured several good rôles upon the strength of the spurious relationship—until exposed and sent to the tall sticks of neglect.

Dorothy Dalton's "Sister"

JUST recently a young woman with a most questionable reputation, who plays small parts in pictures, rented a home

C Helene Chadwick once made the mistake of allowing her name to appear in the phone book. But after a month or two of answering calls from tourists who wanted her autographed photograph, she got a private wire.



METRO PHOTO

in the most fashionable and conservative section of Los Angeles by stating, with fetching naiveté, to the realty agent that she was a sister of Dorothy Dalton and desired a home for herself and mother. When the "wild parties" that she staged antagonized the neighborhood, she was investigated, with the result that her claim to sisterly relationship with Miss Dalton was proven untrue, her "mother" was a myth—and she was speedily ejected.

The stars' telephone-numbers and street addresses are always kept a dark secret, closely guarded from the curious public that throngs here in droves, eager to talk with or see in person the silversheet luminaries. *Sans* make-up the actors often pass unrecognized in the streets of Los Angeles, and tourists complain that they spend hundreds of dollars on a trip to California and sit around Hollywood for weeks without once glimpsing a favorite star. Disgruntled, the visitors return home and knock the players.

It is a question of time. Were the stars to receive all those who demand admittance to their private lives, they would have no time for work. Even when a telephone number is obtained, one must first give one's name and reasons for calling to the maid who answers—one must almost catalogue one's vaccination marks!—before the dulcet voice of the star comes singing over the wires. If one be not a friend or one's name not known as that of a magazine writer, one is told that the star is "out".

Persecution Via Telephone

MILDRED DAVIS, before her marriage, made the mistake of allowing her name to appear in the phone book. And for a while, before the family learned that courtesy sometimes carries its own punishment, Mildred had to answer the phone as many as twenty times in one evening, the callers being tourists anxious to see her or to obtain her autographed picture. Helen Chadwick had the same sad experience.

Ruth Roland, because of her many business interests and real estate investments, must have her name and number in the book. But her secretary, a most efficient young woman with a positive genius for culling out those whose business is legitimate, answers the phone and courteously but speedily dispatches the merely curious.

Only an inch and a half of pine door between this movie-mad public and the studio land of make-believe romance! But it's harder to open sometimes than a burglar-proof safe.

The studio doorkeepers are the crabbiest souls alive. Somebody has said that if the diplomatic corps ever needs recruits, they can be obtained from the ranks of the assistant directors. I hasten to add that if ever there is another war, two studio gatemen will suffice to wipe out, without bullets but simply by sarcasm and verbal attacks, the enemy army.

Moral Scruples Go By the Board

ALL SORTS of subterfuges are used to obtain entrance to the studios. One man, appearing at the Lasky studio, professed to be an old friend of Sam Wood, claiming that the director had invited him to visit the film-shop; all of which sounded very interesting to Mr. Wood, who chanced to be standing nearby and who never before had laid eyes on the individual.

A favorite method is to pretend to be a representative of some out-of-town newspaper or magazine, foreign publications usually being chosen as there is more likelihood

of getting away with it as "special correspondent" for some English, French or Spanish paper. By the time the fraud is unveiled, they figure they will have had time to see and depart. But the publicity men are wise chaps and it doesn't take long to determine if the man be genuine and his credentials authentic.

A while back a chap appeared at the Paramount gate and produced letters of introduction from a New York City newspaper. Apparently the signatures were genuine, so he was given the freedom of the studio and wandered around at will, meet-

ing all of the stars, obtaining photographs which he promised to send with his feature article to his paper, and being entertained at luncheon.

Then it happened that one of the studio executives, in writing to the firm's Eastern offices, casually mentioned the man's name as correspondent for the Metropolitan publication. Soon word came from New York that the paper had no authorized representative in Hollywood. Steps were taken to locate the transgressor, but his sixth sense must have warned him of impending disaster, for he had faded away as does the day into night. He has never been heard of since—which is quite lucky for him.

Even genuine magazine writers do not pass through until their faces are known to the gate-tenders, or unless they are vouched for by the publicity office. I am one of those individuals who are always leaving credentials and such important things in the bureau drawer at home, and many times have I had heaped upon my head a rain of vituperation. You cannot blame them though, with three-fourths of the world, sooner or later, demanding admittance to the land of imagery upon some fabricated excuse.

Would-be actors also seek to make use of this scheme. The idea seems to be that if one can just get inside the magic portals, one may accost a director and obtain a job, thus assuring one's fame and future—a mistaken notion, as all employment is arranged through the casting-offices. Some, too, are merely curious tourists, who wish to view the scenes "back-stage", possibly on a still hunt for all that scandal they've heard about and have somehow or other failed to find (Continued on page 91)



STETLER PHOTO

Anna Q. Nilsson's superb aplomb was rather shattered when she learned that a Mrs. Helen Anderson had been masquerading under the Nilsson name in Milford, Mass.

I CONFESS

The Further Revelations of a Press Agent

By an Incurable One

So many readers wrote us, praising the article, *Revelations of a Press Agent*, which appeared in a recent number, that the editors persuaded the clever writer of the article to give us further information concerning the fascinating and informative profession of "star-making." And here it is:

ONCE upon a time, the best press agent was a fiction writer. The more lurid his imagination, the more space he got for his clients in the papers.

The 1923 model of publicity writer doesn't believe any more that you can fool all of the editors all of the time. And he gives the people all the truth that they can, or will, digest.

Of course, I don't mean to say that we press agents are regular little Georgie Washingtons when it comes to not being able to tell lies. We *can* tell whoppers and occasionally still do. But the chap who peddles too many fibs for a living isn't respected even on his own lot, and we found that the morning sheets were afraid to recognize a real news story when they did get it.

Wolf! Wolf!

FOR INSTANCE, when Jack Pickford and his company were on location at Keen Camp in the San Jacinto mountains a few years ago, filming *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*, a fire broke out in the camp. Eight or ten houses burned—huge barns full of (Continued on page 97)



Giving the Big Boss an occasional dose of pleasing publicity is accomplished by posing him with an admiral, an opera singer or perhaps a Japanese diplomat. Reading from left to right above are Rupert Hughes, Samuel Goldwyn, Henry Morgenthau, former ambassador to Turkey, and Mrs. Rupert Hughes.

One of the grandest bits of natural scenery in Hollywood is Malcolm MacGregor in a bathing-suit. MacGregor was a member of the Yale swimming team



The Gossip of Mart

*A Social Survey of Hollywood's
Who's Whose*

By The Tatler

WE WERE swapping tear-recipes at luncheon the other day, a group of stars and the Tatler. Mae Busch declared that the strains of "*Home Sweet Home*" could reduce her to a damp, tearful state any time. Pola Negri, somebody remarked, emoted best to Grieg's *Lament*. Claire Windsor declared that "*Humoresque*" most easily moved her to tears.

A wheezy melodion brings the tears to most of the stars, but Mae Murray, it seems, requires a six-piece orchestra. Somebody remarked cattily that Mae Murray should demand a twelve-piece orchestra and see if it wouldn't help her to act. Mae, needless to say, was not among those present. However—

The Tatler avers that the barbed-wire neck-tie undoubtedly goes to Raoul Walsh for developing the simplest method of making a star act. If we hadn't seen it ourself, we never would have believed he could do it—and with Theda Bara, of all persons!

It was down on the Fox lot, back in the old days, when Theda was vamping her way into fame and fortune. Theda was always a bit difficult to handle. She had a maddening habit of strolling in at about four p. m., and of strolling out again at about five. This particular day, she was more difficult than ever. She "didn't feel the scene," she kept saying, and she made no visible efforts to acquire the feeling.

Walsh, who was directing the picture, pleaded with her to put a little feeling into her acting. She remained listless. Then he spoke sharply to her. She answered with a pert remark. It was a hot day, and it had been a hard one. Walsh's lips tightened to a thin line. He went up to Theda, caught her by the throat and slapped her face, on both cheeks, *hard!* Then he threw her from him.

"Think that over tonight," said he. "And tomorrow, if you don't do exactly as I tell you, you'll get the same thing again!"

But he never needed to repeat the lesson. The next day, and every day after that while Walsh was directing, Theda was as mild as a milk shake!

Another potent tear-producer that never got into any



Q. Craig Biddle says he is hurt and grieved at the reports that Miss Ann Perdue is engaged but he seems to be consoling himself quite nicely in this picture

press-agent's story can be credited, words and music to another Fox director whose name escapes us at this moment. This director was laboring with Elinor Fair—you know, the fragile little thing in *Driven*. Elinor was an awful stick back in her Fox days, anyway,—she hadn't yet struck her stride—and on this day she simply couldn't produce the tears that the scene demanded. She tried, but failed. Then the director talked to her.

"You dumb-bell!" he said, in low, passionate tones. "You poor hunk of cheese! And you call yourself an actress. Why, there's a cigar-store Indian over in the prop-room that's a better actor than you are. You couldn't register grief if they doubled your income tax on you. You're through!"

Then the tears came, all right. Elinor thought he meant it. Maybe he did. Anyway, she wept her heart out, and the cameras caught it and that was the only scene in any of her Fox pictures that had any real dramatic feeling in it.

The Baby Charlie Chaplin

IS IRVING THALBERG, the youthful production manager of the Mayer studio, out gunning for Charlie Chaplin's laurels

as Hollywood's *Don Juan*? It would seem so. Irving has been stepping high, wide and handsome with some of screenland's fairest daughters. Some of the gals basking in the Thalberg smile are, reading from left to right and in chronological order, Gladys Walton, Barbara La Marr, Helen Lynch and Constance Talmadge. The effervescent Connie seems to have the inside track, and the gossips are predicting that as soon as the nuptial bond that bound Connie to her Greek tobacco-king are shattered, Irving may become Mr. Constance Talmadge II.

And Speaking of Engagements

HERE'S something that must make Mama Biddle of the aristocratic Philadelphia Biddles writhe in agony. Craig Biddle, Jr., who left society and college flat on its back to go into the movies, has just issued the following notice; via the publicity office:

"I am hurt and grieved at the reports that Miss Ann Perdue, star of the F. B. O.'s production, *'Daytime Wives'* says she does not contemplate matrimony for a long time to come. I am deeply and sincerely interested in Miss Perdue,

and hope that I shall be able to make her change her mind before long. I realize that I am only one in a vast circle of admirers which includes Gene Sarazen, but perhaps luck will be with me. Miss Perdue is a gorgeously beautiful girl, and has been named as one of the 13 stars of 1923."

We fancy that Mama and Papa Biddle are convinced that 13 is an unlucky number. Those terrible movies!

Such is Fame!

WHEN Katherine Fullerton Gerould remarked in her article, *Hollywood*, in Harper's Magazine that there were more persons in the United States that would not cross the street to see Charlie Chaplin in person than there were persons who would, we thought she was overestimating. But perhaps she wasn't.

A few weeks ago, Mrs. Van Astorbilt of New York's "400" decided to give a big ball for the other three hundred and ninety-nine. As the *pièce de résistance* of the affair, she planned to present a famous opera singer. So she went to the New York agency to negotiate for the appearance of said singer. But she found that the wanted one was under contract and even her dollars could not acquire him for the evening.

"But I think I can secure a *far greater* attraction than Signor B—," said the agency manager. "I refer to a very famous dancer and actor. He is having a little trouble with his contract just now, and could not be formally engaged for the evening. But you could invite him and his charming wife to be among your guests, and they could entertain you with dances. Then you can hand his wife a little souvenir of appreciation and a check within it, for their services."

"Who is this famous dancer?" asked Mrs. Van Astorbilt, noticeably impressed.

"Rodolph Valentino!" replied the manager triumphantly.

"And who is Rodolph Valentino?" queried Mrs. Van Astorbilt, noticeably unimpressed.

Straight From Dear Old Yale

ONE of the grandest bits of natural scenery in Hollywood is Malcolm MacGregor in a bathing suit. Malcolm, who used to hold the Metropolitan diving championship and was a member of the Yale swimming team, judged the diving contests put on recently at the Ambassador Hotel swimming pool. The flappers were edified.

Uplifting the Movies

SOCIETY is going in for uplifting the movies. All our best families are contributing sons and daughters to the scenic drama, and in one or two cases, mama herself has hied to Hollywood. There is so much precedent for it, you know, since European nobility has taken up the movies. Why, even one of England's dear princes aspires to go on the stage,



They brought Andrée Lafayette all the way from Paris for Trilby, because she had the most beautiful feet in all Paris. And then, the wise ones whisper, they used a double for the feet. Little Betty Roher furnished the substitute feet.

you know! It's really quite smart!

Park Benjamin II—you can tell he comes from a really good family by his number; only ordinary people call their sons Junior now—has just passed up a banking career without a tear, in favor of the movies. Young Benjamin has a pedigree as long as his airedale dog's; he is the cousin of Mrs. Enrico Caruso, the brother of Baroness de Sain Seigene and the nephew of William Evart Benjamin. In spite of it—or could it be because of it?—young Benjamin has a nice little part in the Cosmopolitan picture, *Under the Red Robe*.

Then there is Mrs. James Vail Converse, twin sister of Gloria Morgan (Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt). Mrs. Converse is seeking fame in the films. So is Aileen Pringle, the daughter-in-law of Sir Charles Pringle, of Jamaica, one of the largest land-owners in the world.

Oh, there's no getting around it, Lady Diana Manners has a lot to answer for besides *The Glorious Adventure*.

Marjorie Daw Marries

MARJORIE DAW, the cutest little trick in Hollywood, is now Mrs. Edward Sutherland. The wedding took place at "Pickfair," the beautiful home of Douglas Fairbanks and Mrs. Fairbanks, sometimes known as Mary Pickford, before a carefully hand-picked audience.

Sutherland was in the Paramount stock company for some time, but recently decided that directing was more in his line. He is now on the Chaplin directorial staff. Eddie was long a suitor of little May McAvoy's, but it was a case of too much mama spoiling the matrimonial broth, we hear.

He'd Seen Mary

THE TATLER loves this. It happened at the recent benefit performance for the National Vaudeville Association, staged at the Ambassador. Katherine MacDonald, gorgeous in a gold brocade gown, was one of the cinema lights present. Frisco, the eccentric dancer with the cigar, was a master of ceremonies. He led the erstwhile American Beauty forward and introduced her as Norma Talmadge!

Calm and undaunted, Katherine came back with, "I'm not Norma Talmadge, I'm Mary Pickford!"

Whereupon Frisco backed off and replied, "Oh, no, you ain't. I've seen her!"

Said the Spider to the Fly

AS SCENARIO editor encountered the Tatler at the Writer's Club one day.

"How's everything?" queried the scribe.

"I don't know everything," was the caustic response of the scenario editor. "I'm not a director!"

Where Syd Comes In

THE WORLD and his wife wants to know whether Charlie Chaplin is really going to marry Pola Negri or not. And everybody tries to get the information from Syd Chaplin, Charlie's brother. But Syd won't say.

"I wish I knew myself," said Syd the other day. "Charlie never takes me into his confidence until his romance is shattered and he wants me to fix things up for him."

Somebody remarked that he must have had enough of that sort of thing with Mildred Harris, the first Mrs. Chaplin.

"I hope to say so," declared Syd piously, "But when I'd go around to see Mildred, she was wise. She'd call downstairs, 'I don't want to see you. I know why you're here. You just want to see how cheap you can get me to settle.'"

Paul Swan for Ben Hur?

PAUL SWAN, the super-beautiful classic dancer, is the latest rumored candidate for the rôle of *Ben Hur*. He might play the *Hur* part, but never the *Ben*. Maybe they'll cast him for the rôle of *Ben Hur's* sister.

Must be a Centipede

MAKING pictures is an expensive business. Especially when you insist on having everything solid mahogany around you, with platinum trimmings. When the Selznick brothers were rolling up their tents to silently steal away from Hollywood a few weeks ago, leaving *Rupert of Hentzau* and *The Common Law* in pawn to the bankers who backed 'em last, someone observed sympathetically, "I hear Selznick is on its last legs."

"What, again?" queried a publicity purveyor. "Selznick has been on its last legs so often, the company must be a centipede."

Paris' Most Beautiful Tootsies

ONCE upon a time, and not so long ago at that, a company started to film *Trilby*. And the heroine of *Trilby* must have small, beautifully formed feet. So the company, wise to the vogue for foreign heroines, brought to America Andree Lafayette, owner of "the most beautiful feet in all Paris".

The dainty tootsies were photographed at all angles, semi-draped and *au naturel*. To the four corners of the globe went the photographs of *Trilby* and her dainty little feet. And then—come closer, so they won't hear us giggle—came the word, whispered around among the wise ones, that they were using a *double* for the most beautiful feet in Paris!

Yes, honest, they are! You see, Andree's feet are undoubtedly lovely, well-formed and all that. But Andree is a tall girl, and her feet are in proportion to her size, and so. . . . Betty Roher, a little extra girl, is furnishing the feet that get the close-ups of *Trilby*.

One Mad Whirl of Gaiety

OUT ON A still hunt for gossip, preferably of the lurid variety, the Tatler wended her way to the Montmartre, Hollywood's newest dinner-and-dance place. On the surface, all seemed decorous. Barbara and her latest husband, Jack Daugherty, partook of spaghetti at a prominent table. There was nothing spectacular about them, except the expert way that Barbara wrapped her spaghetti around her fork, yards and yards to the piece. Never could we do that trick without stubbing our toe.

Bert Lytell, with a well-fed look, passed from table to table, smiling his most engaging smile. What shall it profit a star to lunch in an expensive cafe if people do not know he is present? His peroxidized locks are getting dark again, we noticed. Adolph Menjou bowed low over a flattered blonde's hand. A table of tourists from Kankakee stared and whispered.

No scandal anywhere. And then, just when we had lapsed into a disappointed survey of the cold turkey with the dull shellac finish, who should enter but a dizzy blonde, beautiful to behold, and towing in her wake Bryant Washburn and Elliot Dexter!

Aha! Here was news at last. For both Bryant and Elliot are wed, but neither of their wives are blondes! Bryant was particularly devoted. She smiled sweetly into his eyes. A romance, surely!

We hailed a waiter. "Who is that female?" we asked. He did not know. We hailed (*Continued on page 101*)

LITTLE HINTS *for* PLAYGOERS



Comments on
Current Plays
Without Fear
or Favor

WITHIN THE LAW First National

Norma Talmadge, as beautiful and effective as ever. **WITHIN THE LAW** is smashing melodrama, and la belle Talmadge rises nobly to every dramatic moment. She is ably supported by Eileen Percy, who proves herself a real comedienne as the hard-boiled little gold-digger, and by Lew Cody, who gives a splendid characterization of a dope-fiend. Jack Mulhall, looking enough like Eugene O'Brien to be his brother, is quite at home in the leading male rôle. He hasn't much to do except look handsome, which is no effort whatever.

THREE WISE FOOLS

Goldwyn-Cosmopolitan

Three very human and utterly charming elderly gentlemen dominate this excellent picture. Claude Gillingwater, Alec Francis and William H. Crane make of **THREE WISE FOOLS** a mirth-inspiring, workmanlike adaptation of the stage comedy of the same name. A convict vendetta with a smashing jail-break lends thrills to the plot. The three doddering old men suddenly have a ward thrust upon them. The ward, Eleanor Boardman, routs them out of the ruts into which they have fallen, with amusing results. There is a pleasant love-interest, between Eleanor Boardman and William Haines, a nice-looking juvenile who handles his first real part very capably. The picture abounds in snappy titles and humorous situations.



THE BRIGHT SHAWL

Associated First National

THE BRIGHT SHAWL is a disappointment. The story has been ineffectively adapted from Hergesheimer's novel, and holds its interest chiefly through Richard Barthelmess' fine acting and the genuine loveliness of the Cuban settings. You probably know the story. A young American adventurer, (Barthelmess) becomes involved in the Cuban uprising and discovers that Cuban women are fascinating and sometimes false. Dorothy Gish as La Clavel, the Spanish dancer, is pretty and charming, but a Yankee throughout, thus proving that

Richard knew what he was about when he so bitterly opposed the casting of Miss Gish for the role. Mme. Jetta Goudal gives a splendid characterization of a Chinese spy. Richard Barthelmess has never been more handsome or debonair.





YOU CAN'T FOOL YOUR WIFE

Paramount

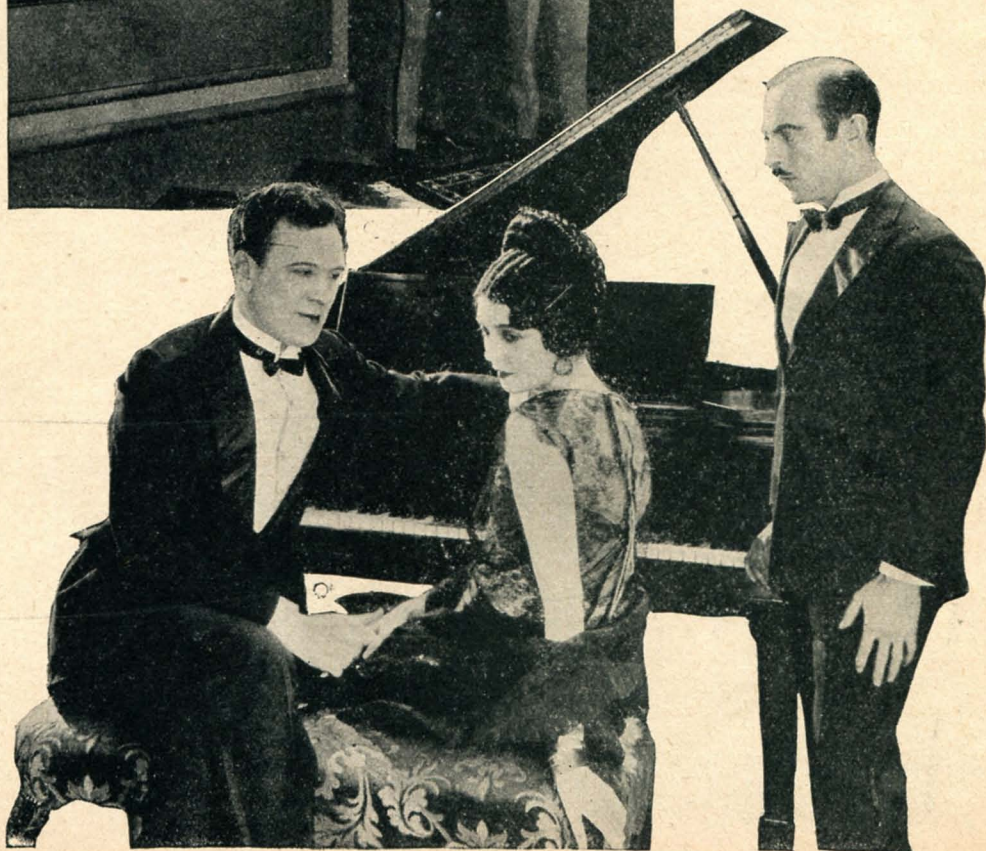
Lavish expenditure and a good cast, and in spite of it, the result could scarcely be worse. The story is an aimless affair about an erring husband, who, as far as we could see, certainly did fool his wife. It takes a nasty tumble to bring him back to normalcy. For pictorial recommendation, there are Leatrice Joy and Nita Naldi.



THE NE'ER-DO-WELL

Paramount

This was meant to be a Wally Reid picture. Thomas Meighan was not the man to play the just-out-of-college, happy-go-lucky youngster who caused such a "ruckus" on Broadway that he had to be shanghaied out of the country. But in spite that, he makes himself mighty agreeable in the rôle. The setting of the story is in Panama, and the scenery is gorgeous. Lila Lee is adorable as the little Chiquita who wins the ne'er-do-well's susceptible heart with one flash of her black eyes. There are several unexplained situations in the picture, but it's entertaining melodrama, nevertheless.



BELL BOY 13

Thomas H. Ince

Not half bad amusement for a warm evening's entertainment. Douglas MacLean has never been so satisfyingly funny as when he and Doris May gave us **TWENTY-THREE AND A HALF HOURS' LEAVE** and **MARY'S ANKLE**. But even those who still regret the dissolution of the MacLean-May comedy team have to smile at the antics of the love-struck young chap who poses as a bell-hop in order to be near his actress-sweetheart. The path of true love is even rougher than usual in this picture, and the hero finally has to call out all the hotel help on strike, in order to win the consent of the stern uncle who forbids the bans. There are moments in the action that remind us of Harold Lloyd, especially when MacLean balances himself airily upon a lofty window ledge. Margaret Loomis is the lady love.

BRAIN BOOTLEGGERS and NAZIMOVA

The Corner of "HOLLYWOOD Lost Hope"

actors," declared a big studio official at a dinner recently. Being a great man in his business, his words got into the public prints and undoubtedly caused hundreds of would-be actors to give up their jobs in the cracker factory and pack their grips for Hollywood.

If they could only see the hordes of extras that mill around the doors of the booking agencies here! If they could only see the looks of discouragement and despair that greet the daily announcement, "No work today"—they would not set off so blithely.

Hollywood is a fairy city to a favored few. To those with extraordinary talent or the influence of studio powers, Hollywood has been kind. It has brought fame and wealth out of all proportion to the effort expended on it.

But to many thousands of aspiring actors and actresses, Hollywood is Heartbreak Village. So many, many colorful bubbles of hope have been pricked here by the cruel pin of reality!

On one of our busiest boulevards, two comedy studios stand. Comedies are made within, but tragedy lurks there, too. The studios are gray and dingy. The doorway is a dark cave. The wise ones call it "The Corner of Lost Hope". Why?

In SCREENLAND for September, the mystery of this tragic-comedy is revealed. Do not fail to read "The Corner of Lost Hope"; it is written in the heart blood of Hollywood.

Getting Atmosphere

ONE reason why the mountain atmosphere was so fine in *Driven*, was that the company lived for weeks in a primitive little Georgia mountain community which civilization, seemingly, had not touched. The first day there Charles Brabin, the director, saw the body of a man who had been lynched, still dangling from a tree. He saw a five-year-old girl drinking whiskey that would have bowled over a strong man. The right of private warfare has never even been questioned there. Yet Brabin was strong enough to give us for the first time a mountain picture without a feud.

The Brain Bootlegger

IDEAS for scenarios are precious things. Furthermore, they are hard to identify. So bootlegging ideas is a thriving traffic in Hollywood. One studio has a neat method of appropriating ideas by filing the idea of every story sent in, whether it is purchased or not. Thus they are never at a loss for fresh material. The whole deplorable situation will be discussed in an interesting and authentic article in SCREENLAND for September. Don't fail to read it.

Those Bad Movies

PLEASE tell the critics not to be too harsh with the motion pictures," pleads a kind-hearted reader from Terminal, Cal. "And those who rave over poor shows, don't rave too much. Tell us enough, but not

SCREENLAND'S rotogravure gallery this month is a tribute to the work of Alfred Cheney Johnston. In an effort to give our readers a more comprehensive view of the artists who paint with the lens, we have decided to devote an entire gallery each month to the exclusive work of one of these past masters of the camera. Next month our gallery will contain the creations of Edward Thayer Monroe

too much, of the movies as they really are. And please say a prayer that the movies will not become too good, because it would be a calamity not to be able to find any flaws."

That would be a calamity, indeed. But after sitting through *Thelma*, *Enemies of Women* and *Mad Love*, we believe there is little immediate danger of the movies becoming too good.

What's Wrong with Nazimova? WHAT'S the matter with Nazimova?" asks a reader. And the question is a pertinent one.

There are two things in which Nazimova fails, from a cinema point of view.

She insists on choosing her own stories and on dominating every point of production, and she is not capable of doing it. She is an actress, not a production manager.

Secondly, she has no heart interest in her pictures. Heart interest is essential; see how it puts over even Fox atrocities. Her pictures have only an optical and intellectual appeal. And the *intelligentsia* that responds to such an appeal is such a small minority that her pictures go begging among the exhibitors.

Sorrows For Sale

A GIRL writes in to tell us how disappointed she was when she saw her first movie star in real life. He was nice-looking, yes, and polite and all but he seemed sort of—oh, she couldn't say exactly what was wrong with him.

But we can. She was just like the little girl who begged to be taken to see President Harding. When she saw him, she was terribly dashed. "Why, he's just a man," she wailed.

It is often a blow to discover that movie stars are just people. Some stars discover this when they appear before a disillusioned audience, or fail to thrill their public by broadcasting radio talks. *Sorrows for Sale*, in SCREENLAND for September, discusses this disillusionment.

Blackmail Artists

A GREAT deal is always found in the public press about blackmail of prominent society folks, but the surest prey for the blackmail artists are the motion picture people. The blackmailer knows on how precarious a ledge the popularity of a picture star is balanced. The breath of scandal is enough to tarnish the reputation and destroy the prestige of a matinee idol or an ingenue.

Don't miss the feature next month entitled *Blackmail*.

Rewriting The Truth

STORIES that give the true atmosphere of motion pictures and their people are always hard to find. It is so easy to write of actors as though they were puppets—as indeed they often are. In the stories of Peter Lowmsberry and Aimée Torriani, however, we have found the magic key to Hollywood. The stories are fiction only in that the names are changed. Next month's short story is *The Celluloid Saint*. You will enjoy it.

HOLLYWOOD'S

C. *The wedding bells ring merrily this month, and*



PHOTO BY EVANS

C. "See saw, Marjory Daw, She shall have a new master. . . ." His name is Edward Sutherland, and Marjory promised to love and obey him before a select audience of friends at "Pickfair", the wonderful home of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. The new husband used to be in pictures as an actor, but decided he liked directing better, so now he's learning the art under the tutelage of Charlie Chaplin.



PHOTO BY WITZEL

Marriage Mill

five newly-married couples make their bow.



C The gentleman gazing so fondly into Anna Q. Nilsson's eyes is her brand-new husband, John M. Gunnerson, a wealthy shoe manufacturer. The photograph is taken in the grounds of their home in Beverly, so we are informed. But as we remember it, they live in an apartment on Argyle Street.



PHOTO BY SPURR



PHOTO BY WITZEL

C "I am through with men," said Barbara La Marr, and promptly went out and committed matrimony for the fifth time. Husband number five is Jack Dougherty, who is playing in Universal short-reel features. He has red hair to match his name.

FASHION'S

*Screenland's Beauties
share their wardrobe
suggestions with you*



GOLDWYN PHOTO

FOR the débutante's dancing frock, what could be more adorable than Eleanor Boardman's dress of lavender georgette over a foundation of brocaded pink silk. Garlands of flowers in pastel shades are arranged in wide rows to adorn the bodice.

BLANCHE SWEET fares forth of an afternoon in this black georgette frock. The full skirt, edged with a band of pin tucks, has loose side panels reaching almost to the floor. The gown is trimmed with bachelor-button blue taffeta flowers and a tucked bow of the same material at the back. A black satin picture hat trimmed with curled ostrich of the bachelor-button blue completes the costume.



GOLDWYN PHOTO

FOIBLES

*Advance Notes
on fall fashions
worn on the screen*

JUST the sort of hat to make a plain girl pretty and a pretty girl beautiful is this adorable chapeau of gray Milan straw with glycerine ostrich trimming and roses. The brim is faced with rose-colored georgette.



GOLDWYN PHOTO



POSED BY BETTY COMPTON

FOR early fall, you will love this jacquette of platinum caracul, to be worn with a white satin skirt-dress. Claire Windsor wears with the costume a white felt hat trimmed with pheasant feathers.



GOLDWYN PHOTO

FOR formal evening wear, Claire Windsor is especially lovely in this gown of cream net, heavily laced with pearls over a foundation of pink metal cloth. A fan of silver metal lace and a wreath of silver leaves in the hair add charm to the costume.

¶ Eunice Marshall Explodes Another Film Illusion—Continued from page 44.

on the altar of Fame in Hollywood would surprise you.

Agnes Ayres once had dark hair, they say. She also had a gorgeous profile. She still has the profile—it photographs marvelously—but the dark hair did not screen right. So now her hair is of a golden hue that nature herself has never been known to produce. But it screens beautifully with the gorgeous profile.

Little Clara Horton reversed the process. Her hair was genuine, 14-carat gold. Somehow she got the idea in her fluffy little blonde head that she was meant to be a brunette. So she doused her shining mop into a dark dye-bath. The effect was to eclipse her personality entirely.

These sacrifices are not for women only. Men are sometimes called upon to make sacrifices for their art. When Bert Lytell was signed for Rudolph Rassendyl in *Rupert of Hentzau*, he was supposed to be a blonde. Bert is dark. A wig always looks like just a wig and nothing else, so Bert peroxidized his rusty locks. The effect was weird. His olive complexion contrasted strangely with the peculiar, brassy color that peroxide gives to the hair. But it screened very well.

Gloria Is Screen Beauty

GLORIA SWANSON is essentially a screen beauty. In real life, she looks a trifle hard and more than a trifle coarse. The heavy make-up that she affects may account for that impression. She looks out upon the world with cynical, disillusioned eyes, and her mouth has a cruel curve.

Enid Bennett screens like a lily-of-the-valley. You remember the purity, the virginal look of her in *Robin Hood*? She looks just that way in real life. She has a lovely, pink and white skin, she dresses with excellent and conservative taste, and she has a delightfully modulated voice. She is one of the stars whom it is not disillusioning to meet.

Alice Lake cannot be called a beauty at all but she screens well. In real life she is a plain woman. She hasn't even personality. Why she is starred and why May McAvoy, for instance, who is a real beauty and a real actress, is not, are two of the dark brown mysteries of this life.

May McAvoy is a luscious bit to look upon. Her coloring is marvelous. Her eyes are deep and velvety. She has a look of breeding and refinement that many stars lack so fatally.

Viola Dana Is "Cute"

VIOLA DANA says herself that she is not beautiful. She isn't. But she has something that is often more potent. She's so darned cute! She has an adorable, rounded little figure, a piquant little up-tilted nose and saucy, knowing eyes. And she has a "line"! Cuddly, that's what Viola Dana is. And she's just the same off-stage as she is on the screen. But a suggestion of hardness is beginning to show on her, as if life had begun to seem a bit empty and meaningless after all. Her gaiety, her I-don't-care attitude may, after all, be a mask to hide the hurt that Life has given her.

Probably the most famous professional beauty is Katherine MacDonald. Her name is synonymous with pulchritude. That's all she has; ask B. P. Schulberg, who paid her \$50,000 for each of six pictures and lost money on every one of them! Anybody who can get \$300,000 merely for looking beautiful must be quite a beauty, the layman would think, but in real life, Katherine MacDonald is not so thrilling to look upon. Her hair is straw-colored. She is straw-colored. She is beautiful, of course, after a fashion; after the fashion of an iceberg, say, and just as chilly.

The Beauty Slave

Lila Lee is Real Beauty

LILA LEE is one of the real beauties. Her dark eyes are just as velvety and her dark hair as satiny off-stage as on. She is real, genuine. Her sincerity shows in her acting.

The Talmadge girls film gorgeously. Nobody could be more beautiful than Norma in *Smilin' Through* or in *Ashes of Vengeance*. And few girls could be more mischievously alluring than Constance in her comedies. But when they doff grease-paint for street attire, they seem to drop their chic, also. It is said that their mother makes their street clothes, and it must be admitted that they look it. They do not look like screen beauties when you meet them on the street. They are only nice girls, quite ordinary-looking.

Alice Terry is more lovely on the screen than off, I think. On the screen she is flawlessly beautiful. Her features are softly moulded. She seems purity personified. Off stage, her features seem pointed, too sharp for perfect beauty. She loses that ethereal loveliness that characterizes her screen acting. She ceases to be the Princess Flavia and becomes the one-time extra girl who chews gum. I fancy that Alice's camera man photographs her through gauze. A bit of gauze over the camera lens has a wonderfully softening effect.

Ruth Roland Is Well Preserved

THE chief impression that the observer gets from a glimpse of Ruth Roland is that she is well preserved.

Barbara LaMarr is one of the lucky ones who retain their beauty after doffing the grease paint. Barbara's one concession to the cause of screen fame is the darkening of her hair. Once it was brown; now it is black. A vamp must have hair like the raven's wing, you know. Her *verve*, her fascination, is innate. After one meeting, you cease to wonder why she has married five times; you merely marvel that the occasions have been only five.

Nita Naldi's Beautiful Hair

NITA NALDI's beautiful, glossy black locks are one of the best features on the screen. Probably you have envied the way her hair grows back from her forehead, and the great coils of smooth hair at the nape of her white neck. Alas, Nita's hair is bobbed, and the ravaging curling iron has terribly burned the ends, a hair dresser declares. The beautiful coils are said to be hers by right of purchase only. But the effect, you must admit, is ravishing.

Betty Compson has made many sacrifices for screen beauty. She was born with nice, brown hair. It photographed just like that—just plain, brown hair. So she bleached it. It screened beautifully. Then she got tired of being a peroxide blonde; she felt chorus-girly, she said. So she hennaed it. Again it photographed beautifully, giving her a veritable halo on the silver screen. But after a time Betty grew tired of the artificiality and let her hair go back to its natural shade of brown, and that's the way it is today. She looks mighty sweet, too. Betty is just as pretty off stage as she was in *To Have and To Hold*, and you'll have to admit that that is very pretty indeed. She wore a blonde wig in that picture, but she'll never do it again, she declares. A blonde wig does something to a brunette personality, says Bettina. (Continued on page 102)

Finding "The Fountain of Youth"

Along-Sought Secret, Vital to Happiness, Has Been Discovered.

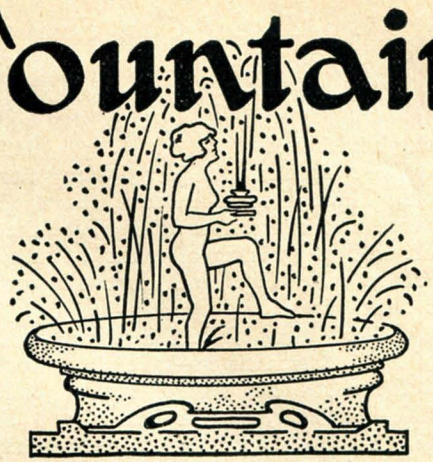
*Alas! that spring should vanish with the rose!
That youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!*

—OMAR KHAYYAM.

A SECRET vital to human happiness has been discovered. An ancient problem which, sooner or later, affects the welfare of virtually every man and woman, has been solved. As this problem undoubtedly will come to you eventually, if it has not come already, I urge you to read this article carefully. It may give you information of a value beyond all price.

This newly-revealed secret is not a new "philosophy" of financial success. It is not a political panacea. It has to do with something of far greater moment to the individual—success and happiness in love and marriage—and there is nothing theoretical, imaginative or fantastic about it, because it comes from the coldly exact realms of science and its value has been proved. It "works." And because it does work—surely, speedily and most delightfully—it is one of the most important discoveries made in many years. Thousands already bless it for having rescued them from lives of disappointment and misery. Millions will rejoice because of it in years to come.

The peculiar value of this discovery is that it removes physical handicaps which, in the past, have been considered inevitable and irremediable. I refer to the loss of youthful animation and a waning of the vital forces. These difficulties have caused untold unhappiness—failures, shattered romances, mysterious divorces. True happiness does not depend on wealth, position or fame. Primarily, it is a matter of health. Not the inefficient, "half-alive" condition which ordinarily passes as "health," but the abundant, vibrant, magnetic vitality of superb manhood and womanhood.



Unfortunately, this kind of health is rare. Our civilization, with its wear and tear, rapidly depletes the organism, and, in a physical sense, old age comes on when life should be at its prime.

But this is not a tragedy of our era alone. Ages ago a Persian poet, in the world's most melodious epic of pessimism, voiced humanity's immemorial complaint that "spring should vanish with the rose" and the song of youth too soon come to an end. And for centuries before Omar Khayyam wrote his immortal verses, science had searched—and in the centuries that have passed since then has continued to search—without halt, for the fabled "fountain of youth," an infallible method of renewing energy lost or depleted by disease, overwork, worry, excesses or advancing age.

Now the long search has been rewarded. A "fountain of youth" has been found! Science announces unconditionally that youthful vigor can be restored quickly and safely. Lives clouded by weakness can be illumined by the sunlight of health and joy. Old age, in a sense, can be kept at bay and youth made more glorious than ever. And the discovery which makes these amazing results possible is something any man or woman, young or old, can easily use in the privacy of the home, unknown to relative, friend or acquaintance.

The discovery had its origin in famous European laboratories. Brought to America, it was developed into a product that has given most remarkable results in thousands of cases, many of which had defied all other treatments. In scientific circles the discovery has been known and used for several years and has caused unbounded amazement by its quick, harmless, gratifying action. Now, in convenient tablet form, under the name of Korex compound, it is available to the general public.

Anyone who finds the youthful stamina ebbing, life losing its charm and color or the feebleness of old age coming on too soon, can obtain a double-strength treatment of this compound, sufficient for ordinary cases, under a positive guarantee that it costs nothing if it fails and only \$2 if it produces prompt and gratifying results. In average cases, the compound often brings about amazing benefits in from twenty-four to forty-eight hours.

Simply write in confidence to the Melton Laboratories, 818 Melton Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., and this wonder restorative will be mailed to you in a plain wrapper. You may enclose \$2, or, if you prefer, just send your name without money and pay the postman \$2 and postage when the parcel is delivered. In either case, if you report after a week that the Korex compound has not given satisfactory results, your money will be refunded immediately. The Melton Laboratories are nationally known and thoroughly reliable. Moreover, their offer is fully guaranteed, so no one need hesitate to accept it. If you need this remarkable scientific rejuvenator, write for it today.



Another Great Story of Young Life in Hollywood—Continued from page 37

Shoestrings

"Going at thirteen—"

Mary Lee's big blue eyes peered over the edge. Through the open door, she had a confused impression of a great dim loft and of girls in all sorts of weird attire, with heaps and heaps of clothes about them.

"Oh, hello," sang Babs, catching sight of her. "Come on in—take your choice of my Alaskan seal or Madalene's Russian Otter, or this heavenly and delectable *robe de chambre*, or shall it be a Paquin gown? Each for the munificent sum of twenty-five paltry cents."

And she was drawn into the charmed circle about the auction table.

"Going, going, gone, at fifteen," shouted Glory, the auctioneer, while the hammer descended with a deafening thud.

"Oh, hello there," Glory sighted the newcomer. "Glad you came up. Here Enid, my throat's dry—you take the silver gavel a sec," and Glory drew Mary Lee into a dim corner.

"Are you all right? Anything I can do for you?"

Hesitatingly came the story of the burglary.

Glory counted on her fingers.

"How far do you live, Mary Lee?" Then, "Gang," she called, and as Phyllis and Jimmy and Babs came scurrying they put their heads together.

The next second, Glory was dragging Mary Lee after her down the ladder.

"Back in a jiffy, Kids," she called.

Mary Lee's heart sank. She couldn't bear to leave this fascinating place now that she had just found it. It was as thrilling as working in pictures. But she scrambled obediently after Glory. Round the corner of the old Warehouse, under a spreading, swaying pepper tree, they came upon "Charlotte," the Chevrolet peacefully dozing. Into her Glory leaped.

"Just give her a shove, if you don't mind, and then hop in," she commanded gaily.

"I'm terribly curious to know where we're going," begged Mary Lee.

"To get your belongings, of course, for you're coming to live with us in the Loft."

Mary Lee gasped, and rapturously squeezed Glory's arm.

Half an hour later, the two girls hoisted up a trunk and a bag by means of the ancient pulley and tackle, then skipped up the ladder.

"HERE'S the new addition to our Gang," sang Glory.

Mary Lee was surrounded at once,

and promptly taken on a tour of inspection; introduced to all the household gods—the fat Buddha, the painting of the beloved dead Beatrice, Glory's shrine, the loan library, usually, however, out.

"The auction may as well proceed" said Babs, "I'm sure our newest member has something ravishing to contribute."

So the system was explained. Everybody sold their things and bought everybody else's. Not that they weren't all common property anyhow, but it kept a little money in circulation, and as nothing could be sold for more than a quarter, it was not a frightful drain on anyone.

"Just here, is a most elegant evening gown, said to be a bona fide copy of Princess Pat's wedding gown. You, my dear, would look perfectly sweet in it."

Mary Lee slipped into the soft, shimmering folds of orchid chiffon; the lining was ripped, to be sure, and a sleeve came away in her hand, but the lines! She could not deny that in her wildest dreams she had never looked so charming as this. "Oh, if only Joe could see me now," she sighed ecstatically.

"I've got your trunk and bag open," called Glory, and as she spoke, out tumbled a dozen pairs of shoes. Phyllis pounced upon them like a hawk.

"Ye gods! Mary Lee, does your father run a shoe factory?"

"No, but I've a friend who works in a shoe store."

Glory, inspecting the name on the sole of some dancing slippers.

"Cammeyers, as I live—now can you imagine!"

With a whoop the Gang fell upon them, feverishly trying on.

"Mary Lee, you're a topping addition to the Loft. Of course, Glory, you would have to have the credit for bringing 'supply' just when I was dying for shoes. How do you get that way?"

Glory smiled, her face radiant. She was never happier than when demonstrating to her Doubting Thomas Gang her Law, that when there is a demand, there will always be "Supply."

"I've chosen this adorable pair of sandals," called Beth.

"And I worship these silver slippers," cried Babs, "they just match the silver gown I've extracted from Jimmy."

Mary Lee, still dazed, looked a bit rueful as pair after pair of her possessions vanished, but she had to own that the heaps of pennies and nickels and dimes in her lap might be of quite

as much value in the light of her recent losses. Also, as Glory had explained, the shoes would remain in the Loft, and she was quite welcome to use them whenever she could find them.

"And think what a famous collection they will sometime be," murmured Babs, "after having danced on half the ballroom sets of screenland, or ploughed across the burning sands on location."

THUS began a new life for Mary Lee. Years later she referred to it as her "adventure in vagabondage." She learned many things from the Gang. She was taught to laugh at trouble, to conceal her worst discouragements by witty remarks. She learned to argue at a moment's notice on any subject in the world, from birth control to Capital versus Labor.

As she studied their new freedom, they seemed to her to be judiciously indulging in almost everything she had been taught to shun. Cigarettes, for one thing. In the eyes of her mother and of Joe, no nice girls in Harlem smoked. She hadn't meant to smoke herself, but she tried it one night, out of sheer curiosity. And when she had got past the stage of choking, she discovered that on supperless nights a cigarette was both cheering and filling. Its chief mission, she decided, aside from nerve soothing was to invoke a subtle sense of opulence and largess. Certainly it did not destroy her character.

Again, no decent Harlem girl would be seen on the street with mascaro-beaded eyes, but according to the code of the Gang, to be beautiful was a moral duty. And since rouge on lips and cheeks enhanced one's color and brightened the eyes, and made one a vivid, speaking personality, it was an art to be cultivated, just as Hollywood husbanded its riotous, brilliant-hued gardens.

Again, the Gang wore few clothes, but as Margot said, "Let the body breathe," and they did! She was amazed at her new sense of exhilaration and verve.

Mary Lee was forced to reconstruct her entire system of reality. To her mother and to Joe, money, honestly earned and economically saved, meant security, safety for the future. The Gang found money pleasant, and the spending of it more pleasant perhaps than prudent, but it was never an essential to happiness. The essentials, the real things of life, were color, giving, laughter, happiness, love, beauty. And (Continued on page 84)

Only 97¢

—to lose 30 pounds in 30 Days!



Mrs. Denneny before she used the new method. Weight, 240 pounds.

Mrs. Denneny after she used the new method. Weight, now 166 pounds and she is still reducing.

Loses 74 pounds— Feels Like a New Woman

"I weighed 240 pounds when I sent for your course. The first week I lost 10 pounds. My weight is now 166 pounds and I am still reducing. I never felt better in my life than I do now. There is no sign of my former indigestion. And I have a fine complexion now, whereas before I was always bothered with pimples. Formerly I could not walk upstairs without feeling faint. Now I can RUN up. I reduced my bust 7½ inches, my waist 9 inches and my hips 11 inches. I even wear shoes a size smaller. Formerly they were sixes, now they are fives."

(Signed) Mrs. Mary J. Denneny,
82 W. 9th St., Bayonne, N. J.



John Griswold before using new discovery. Weight, 266 pounds

John Griswold after using new discovery. Weight, 162 pounds.

Loses 104 Pounds Reduces Waistline 17 Inches

"When I sent for your method I weighed 266 pounds. I reduced at the rate of about 5 pounds a week until I reached 162 pounds. I reduced my waistline 17 inches. Today I am in good health and am now free from all aroidupois ailments. I find that all one needs is your course in order to become the person of his dreams."

(Signed) John Griswold, Anthony, Kan.



Mrs. Geo. Guiterman the day she started reducing the new way.

Mrs. Geo. Guiterman eight days later. Note the wonderful improvement.

Loses 13 Pounds in 8 Days

"Hurrah! I've lost 13 pounds since last Monday. I used to lie in bed an hour or so before I could get to sleep. But now I go to sleep as soon as I lie down, and I can sleep from 8 to 9 hours. I feel better than I have for months."

(Signed) Mrs. Geo. Guiterman,
420 E. 66th St., New York City.

That is all it will cost you—and you don't even have to pay that now! You lose your excess flesh through a wonderful new discovery which does not require any starving, exercise, massage, drugs or bitter self-denials or discomforts. Sent on 10 DAYS' TRIAL to PROVE that you can lose a pound a day.

TAKING off excess weight by this new method is the easiest and quickest thing imaginable. It is absolutely harmless and really fascinating. Almost like magic it brings a slender, graceful, supple figure and the most wonderful benefits in health. Weakness, nervousness, indigestion, shortness of breath, as well as many long-seated organic troubles, are banished. Eyes become brighter, steps more elastic and skins smooth, clear and radiant. Many write that they are positively astounded at losing wrinkles which they had supposed to be ineffaceable.

Reduce Fast or Slowly

The rate at which you lose your surplus flesh is absolutely under your own control. If you do not wish to lose as rapidly as a pound a day or ten pounds a week, you can regulate this natural law so that your loss of flesh will be more gradual. When you have reached your normal weight you can retain it without gaining or losing another pound.

The Secret Explained

Scientists have always realized that there was some natural law on which the whole system of weight control was based. But it remained for Eugene Christian, the world famous food specialist, to discover the one safe, certain and easily followed method. He found that certain foods when eaten together **take off** weight instead of adding to it. Certain combinations **cause** fat; others **consume** fat. For instance, if you eat certain foods at the same meal they are converted into excess fat. But eat these same foods at different times and they will be converted into blood and muscle. Then the excess fat you already have is used up. This method even permits you to eat many

delicious foods which you may now be denying yourself!

Ten Days' Trial—Send No Money

Eugene Christian has incorporated his remarkable secret of weight into an interesting course called "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." To make it possible for every one to profit by his discovery, he offers to send the complete course to any one sending in the coupon.

Why the Coupon is Worth \$1.00 to You Now

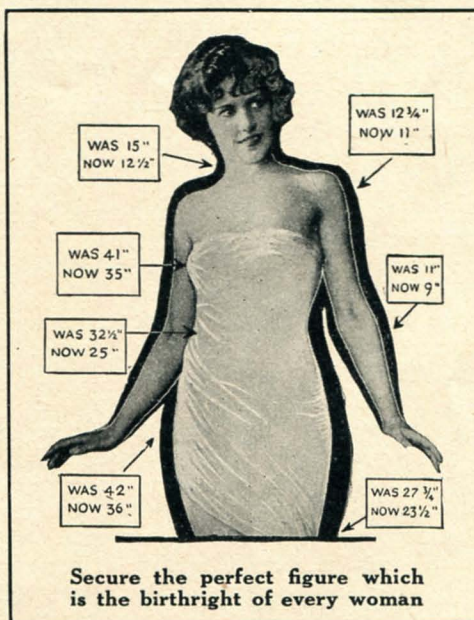
Those who reduce rapidly are usually so enthusiastic that they cannot refrain from mentioning this method to their friends. This will be the best kind of advertisement for us. So we are willing to lose money in order to secure a great number of users in the shortest possible time.

So here is our offer. Just mail the coupon without sending a penny. The coupon will be accepted as worth \$1.00 on the purchase of this course, for which others have to pay \$1.97. Then when the course arrives all you have to do is to pay the postman only 97c plus the few cents postage and the course is yours. There will be no further payments at any time. But if you are not thoroughly pleased after a 10-day test of this method, you may return the course and

your money will be refunded instantly. (If more convenient, you may remit 97 cents with the coupon, but this is not necessary.)

Our liberal guarantee protects you. Either you experience in 10 days such a wonderful reduction in weight and such a wonderful gain in health that you wish to continue this simple, easy, delightful method, or else you return the course and your money is refunded without question.

Don't delay. This special price may soon be withdrawn. Mail the coupon NOW. Corrective Eating Society, Dept. W-2228, 47 West 16th St., New York City.



Secure the perfect figure which
is the birthright of every woman

This Coupon Is Worth \$1.00 to You

(Under Conditions Named Below)

Corrective Eating Society

Dept. W-2228, 47 West 16th St., New York City

Without money in advance, you may send me in plain wrapper, Eugene Christian's Course on "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." You are to accept this coupon as worth \$1.00 (ONE DOLLAR) on my purchase of this course. Therefore, when the course arrives I will pay the postman only 97 cents (plus a few cents postage) in full payment and there are to be no further payments at any time. Although I am benefiting by this special reduced price, I retain the privilege of returning this course within 10 days, having my 97 cents refunded if I am not surprised with the wonderful results. I am to be the sole judge.

Name
(Please write Plainly)
Street
City State

II. Another Great Story of Young Life in Hollywood—Continued from page 82

through them, Mary Lee found life in Hollywood a joyous pageant.

The Gang possessed nothing without sharing it. If Babs had a man who asked her to go motoring in his Rolls-Royce, with dinner at the Samarkand, she said she had a wealthy and charming widow whom she must take as chaperon, and, accordingly, Mary Lee was dressed and coached for the part, as Madame Le Grand. Did Glory get the lead as Rachel in the Sacred Films, fair-haired Mary Lee was promptly made up in a wig, and a small part secured for her as a Semitic beauty. One could trace the movements of the Gang during the day by the contents of their vanity cases at night, as they emptied a heterogeneous mass on the bed, from monogrammed cigarettes and French bonbons to chewing gum and life savers.

Yet happy as Mary Lee was in the Loft she hadn't as yet been able to convince the studios of her great talent. In fact, she was beginning to have grave secret doubts of it herself. She had worked hard, when she was allowed to, which wasn't often. She was forced to the consciousness that in this movie game, merit had little chance. Another topsy turvy rule of life. No, it seemed to be pull, or personality, or the whim of a director, but seldom sheer merit. Her sense of justice was outraged. Besides, she hadn't had a day's work now, for five weeks, and her sturdy New England perception of independence rebelled against letting the Gang carry her on indefinitely. If she got a typing job, that would spell defeat, and she wasn't ready yet to give in to Joe, although he had been writing more and more ardently and insistently of late, with the allurements of a mysterious secret to tantalize her imagination.

"It really can't go on any longer like this," she said to Glory one day in a fit of despondency.

"**W**HY not work the Law for yourself?" Glory answered. "Supply will come to you just as surely as your shoes came to us. Jimmy is going to a party tonight at Donaldson's. Go along with her; you can wear my black sequin gown; have a good time. Perhaps you'll make a hit with old Donaldson himself, shouldn't wonder. Everything will come out all right for you. In fact, I see great happiness for you as the result of this very party."

"Come along, Egg," invited Jimmy, "though I can't vouch for the party. I'm always bored to death by them,

Shoestrings

and am only going because Steendofski is to be there. I once saw an exhibit of his etchings in Chicago, and vowed then I'd meet him some day if it took a leg."

Mary Lee had never looked more bewitching as they set forth. Her fair bobbed hair was curled until it stood out like a shining halo about her piquant, lovely face which upsoared with striking contrast from her sheath of shimmering black. Her great violet eyes were ripe for romance, but she had a disconcertingly firm chin.

Three hours later, Ted Morgan was just discovering that chin. From the moment she had entered the house, he had devoted himself to her. She was exactly the type for his new picture. He had been searching all Hollywood for a lead, he told her. He had almost decided to run over to New York, but now that he had found her, it wouldn't be necessary. Would she be satisfied with two hundred a week to start with? And Mary Lee, true to the code of the Gang, gravely averred that she must have at least two hundred and five. For she figured that this Mr. Morgan must be one of the "nuts" they had told her about and she was looking for his attendant from the Sanitarium when they were pounced upon by Donaldson, the producer.

"I've found her," shouted Morgan. "Lamp that figger, man, and those violet eyes, and I'll bet she's got legs!"

Mary Lee hastened to assure them that she had no known deformities. But Donaldson stared until she flushed to the roots of her curls; he turned her round and round, made her stoop over, sit down, pirouette.

"She's a find!" he slapped Morgan's back, as Mary Lee dropped to the couch, her eyes big with astonishment and wonder. Her mind leaped to Glory's prophecy. Something *would* come out of this party for her. Could it be possible that after only a dozen days or so of Extra work they meant to star her? Were all the fairy tales she had heard actually coming true for her?

Donaldson went off but returned presently with a tray and glasses.

"**W**E'LL put her through her star paces tonight," he winked at Morgan. "Can you quaff this like a Roman courtesan?"

Now Mary Lee had been warned

countless times by the Gang, had been told stories of sightless eyes and of mental unbalance and so should have known better. But her mind was on fire with dreams of bringing out her mother and meeting her with her own car. So with the assumed sophistication of a demi-mondaine, she drank the liquid fire. A minute later her head felt exactly as if it were in flames. It detached itself from her body and went spinning round and round in circles, trying desperately to get out into the air, but bumping itself again and again. Its struggles, violent at first, grew more and more feeble until she was forced to abandon the idea of ever again wearing her head, for she watched it slowly spinning away, until with a thud it dropped lifeless to the floor.

When she opened her eyes, she sensed dimly that she was in a garden, and held safely in someone's arms. She thought at first that she was a little girl and that her mother held her. She felt infinitesimal, like the Liliputians in her story book. Then she was conscious of a hand stroking up and down her body, her face and hair. Puzzled, she reached up and touched the hand. It closed over hers and a voice murmured into her ear. Mary Lee sat up, suddenly aware of her position in the arms of Morgan. She felt weak and dizzy. She tried to rise. His hands held her.

"When do we start the picture?" she asked in as self-possessed tone as she could assume.

"Picture, picture," thickly, "don't worry 'bout picture, now, Sweetie,—you're mine now."

Fondly, he was stroking her slender ankle, playfully pulling off one of her satin slippers.

Mary Lee glanced down at it, Joe's gift slippers. Something in her brain snapped. With sudden, clarifying knowledge came a revulsion of her sensibilities. Like a panther she sprang from him, her chin sharp, determined. Snatching off the other slipper, she hurled it full into his face, then ran, fleet as a bird-hound in her little silk-stockinged feet, out of the garden, down the long winding hill path to the road.

A decrepit old Chevrolet had just succeeded in puffing and chugging up the grade, and now came to a shuddering halt as the flying figure, scarcely skimming the earth, reached the road, darting in front of the car lights.

Glory at the wheel turned "Charlotte" back down the hill.

"Mary Lee!" she called, with a grinding and squeaking of brakes.

Mary Lee sprang in quickly beside her. (Continued on page 90)

See How Easily You Can Learn to Dance This New Way

If you can do the step illustrated in the chart on the right, there is no reason why you cannot easily and quickly master all the latest steps through Arthur Murray's method of teaching dancing right in your own home.

NO matter how skeptical you may be about being able to learn to dance by mail, this new course will quickly prove to you that you can easily learn without a teacher on the ground to direct your steps—and without music or partner—right at home.

Even if you don't know one dance step from another, these new diagrams and simple instructions will enable you to learn any of the newest dances in an amazingly short time. You don't need to leave your own room—it isn't necessary to go into a dancing class—or to pay large fees for private instruction. All you need to do is to follow the instructions as shown on the diagrams, practice the steps a few times to fix them in your memory and there is no reason why you should not be able to dance on any floor, to either band or phonograph music and to lead, follow and balance correctly no matter how expert your partner may be.

Learn Any Dance in a Few Hours

Whether you want to learn the Fox Trot, One Step, Waltz, or any of the newer steps you won't have the slightest difficulty in doing so through this new method. Then, the very next time dancing starts, you can surprise your friends by choosing a partner and stepping right out with perfect confidence that every step you make and every movement is absolutely correct. Arthur Murray guarantees to teach you, or your lessons won't cost you one cent.

More than 90,000 people

have learned to become perfect dancers by mail and there is no reason why 90,000 more cannot learn just as easily. In fact, about five thousand people a month are becoming wonderful dancers through Arthur Murray's amazing new method.

Why Good Dancers Are Popular

Good dancers are always the most popular people in their set—they never lack partners and are invited to every social event because dancing is the most popular form of recreation, and good dancers are always in demand. But beside this, good dancers always have perfect mental and physical control, ease of manner, poise, are never embarrassed, shy or timid. Very often they meet influential people in this social way who are very helpful to them in business.

How to Prove That Arthur Murray Can Teach You to Dance in an Evening

Arthur Murray has consented, for a limited time only, to send a special 16-lesson course to everyone who signs and returns the coupon attached to this page.

You may keep this course for five days and test it for yourself. It must prove to you that you can quickly learn to dance in your own home without music or partner through Arthur Murray's methods, or the test will cost you nothing.

Arthur Murray is America's foremost authority on social dancing. The Vanderbilts, Ex-Governor Locke Craig of North Carolina, and scores of other socially prominent people chose Mr. Murray as their dancing instructor. In fact, dancing teachers the world over have been instructed by him.

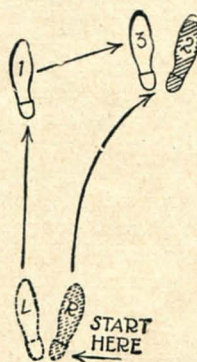
Through his new, improved method of dancing by mail, Mr. Murray will give you



FIRST PART of the Forward Waltz Step

1. Begin with left foot and step directly forward, weight on left foot.
2. Step diagonally forward to right, placing weight on right foot (see illustration).
3. Draw left foot up to right foot, weight on left.

That's all. Simply follow the numbers in the footprints. Master this part before going further.



Do You Know

The Correct Dancing Position
How to Gain Confidence
How to Follow Successfully
How to Avoid Embarrassing Mistakes
The Art of Making Your Feet Look Attractive
The Correct Walk in the Fox Trot
The Basic Principles in Waltzing
How to Waltz Backward
The Secret of Leading the Chasse in the Fox Trot
The Forward Waltz Step
How to Leave One Partner to Dance With Another
How to Learn and Also Teach your Child to Dance
What the Advanced Dancer Should Know
How to Develop Your Sense of Rhythm
Etiquette of the Ballroom

receive if you took private lessons in his studio and paid his regular fee of \$10.00 per lesson.

Send No Money—Not One Cent

Mr. Murray is eager to prove to you that he can quickly teach you to become a good dancer in your own home. Just fill in and mail the coupon—or a letter or post card will do—and the special course will be promptly mailed to you. When your postman hands the special sixteen-lesson course to you, simply deposit only \$1.00 with him, plus a few cents' postage, in full payment. Keep the course for five days. Practice all of the steps, learn everything these sixteen lessons can teach you and prove to your full satisfaction that you have found the quickest, easiest, and most delightful way to learn to dance. Then, within five days, if you desire, you may return the course and your dollar will be promptly returned to you. But if you decide to keep the course—as you surely will—it becomes your personal property without further payments of any kind. To take advantage of this offer you must send the coupon today—offer may be withdrawn without notice. So mail Coupon NOW.

Arthur Murray, Studio 798, 290 Broadway, N. Y.

Arthur Murray, Studio 798, 290 Broadway, N. Y.

To prove that I can learn to dance at home in one evening, you may send the sixteen-lesson course and when my postman hands it to me I will deposit with him only \$1.00, plus the few cents' postage in full payment. If, within five days, I decide to do so I may return the course and you will refund my money without question.

Name

Address

City State

Would you like to teach Dancing?.....
(Price outside U. S., \$1.10 cash with order.)

Satisfied Students Praise the Course

Let me say that your chart system explains many things to me which other teachers could not make clear.
Wm. S. Meyerfield,
Ann Harbor, Mich.

I practiced yesterday and learned the Fox Trot through the night. To-night I danced a number of times with a good dancer to the music of a phonograph and had no trouble in leading or balance.
J. N. Mealy,
Flatwood, W. Va.

I am getting along very nicely with the instructions. I have so many pupils I have to have a larger place.
Albert J. Delaney,
Bay City, Mich.

Before I got your lessons I couldn't dance a step, but now I go to dances and have a good time, like the rest of them. I'll always be thankful that I have taken your course.
Beggi Thornerison,
Ethridge, Mont.

Many other enthusiastic letters have been received. If interested send for special leaflet reprinting them.

C. Mildred France lets us in on some Matrimonial Secrets

From Twin Beds to Twin Bungalows

(Continued from page 47)

There is now absolute privacy for her during the enactment of scenes, and an extra wing has been built on their home, where she may have her hot chocolate and press clippings solo.

And they are now back to pre-war amicability.

She Wants Shekels, Not Sheiks

THERE is a certain round-eyed little Sheba who has successfully vamped one of the W. G. D.'s—meaning World's Greatest Directors. She loves lightly, but with acumen. It is said she craves shekels, not sheiks, and that the affair is merely another of those director-gold-digger things about which the cynical ones chortle and the sentimental weep.

He was a Husband, capitalized and italicized in all its Babbitty meaning. On more than one occasion he was heard to call his wife "mousie" and even "honey bug".

They have been married an immoral number of years, but since the advent of the ex-Follies beauty, there are now two portable detachable gas heaters where only one grew before.

The director's wife is a clever, cool woman who will probably admit her chastened spouse once more to the family swimming pool. The predatory picture girl has made good, and there is not much more need of her angel—or would you say "Uncle"? The little darling!

And while the affair goes on, the studio heads are holding their breaths lest the wife lose her head or the sweetie lose discretion and land the whole affair in the public prints. This particular studio has had more than its share of notoriety, and doubtless knows that certain syndicates have a wealth of racy material prepared in their files, waiting for just one more splashing, juicy scandal to syndicate the glad news about Hollywood broadcast. But the heads are in the embarrassing position of not being able to cast the mote from their director-brother's eye until they can remove the beam from their own optics.

They Have Religious Scruples

A LEADING man with a curly mop and a leading lady with an equally curly head have had their hearts beating a

tattoo for each other quite openly, during the past year. His wife is philosophical. He is the charming, naive boy.

"We both have religious scruples against divorce," says the wife, as she dusts off the picture of her husband's love. He insists on having it in the drawing-room.

"No divorce!" the child-husband exclaims manfully. "My wife is my wife, but May—ah, May is the sweetest, most beautiful girl in the world." Incidentally, her name isn't May.

You can see for yourself, it's all very simple.

Where a Vacation Didn't Work

ANITA STEWART'S vacation from matrimony hasn't had the desired effect. So far from coming back to husband Rudolph Cameron, refreshed from her short period of almost-single blessedness, Anita now declares that she is going to divorce him.

For several years Anita caused much tongue-clacking by being seen perpetually with her own husband. At the Tuesday night hops at the Cocoanut Grove, one could be sure that the nice-looking man with Anita was Mr. Anita. It was scandalously provincial.

Then one morning, Anita, charming in a frilly, rosebud negligée, looked across the breakfast table at Rudie once too often. The husband-and-wifeness of it!

So she left him. And now she announces that she will file suit for a divorce either when she goes to New York, or after her return from England, where she will go to make a picture this summer.

And About the Niblos?

THERE have been rumors of domestic strife between the Fred Niblos, but every rumor is indignantly denied by the clever Fred and wife Enid. To further refute the rumors, charming little domestic photographs of the happy pair are broadcasted everywhere. Surely two people who look so happy cannot be contemplating intermittent matrimony.

Locations Make Nice Relief

IF IT weren't for occasional location trips, many a marriage might go on the

rocks in Screenland. They form such a pleasant relief from the prosaic existence of matrimony.

Raoul Walsh was handed a real plum when he was told to take a whole company to the South Seas a few months ago. It was a wonderful trip—only it wasn't the complete relaxation it might have been, because Mrs. Walsh (Miriam Cooper) got to worrying about fever and other things that might get at her famous husband, and followed them on the next boat.

(Even the Desert)

ANOTHER director took over a desert picture because it gave him a good chance to take a nice little location trip up at Oxnard. The trip started off nicely. The first night, before starting to shoot, they—the director and the important members of the company, including the little round-eyed Sheba mentioned aforetime in this article—celebrated, with wine, women and song. News of the affair was wired back to the studio by some stool-pigeon, and New York wired a reprimand for such doings that might result in waste of time, etc. But the head of the Hollywood studio-branch wired the director that he didn't believe the account, and for him to just go ahead, making good program pictures for him. So that was that.

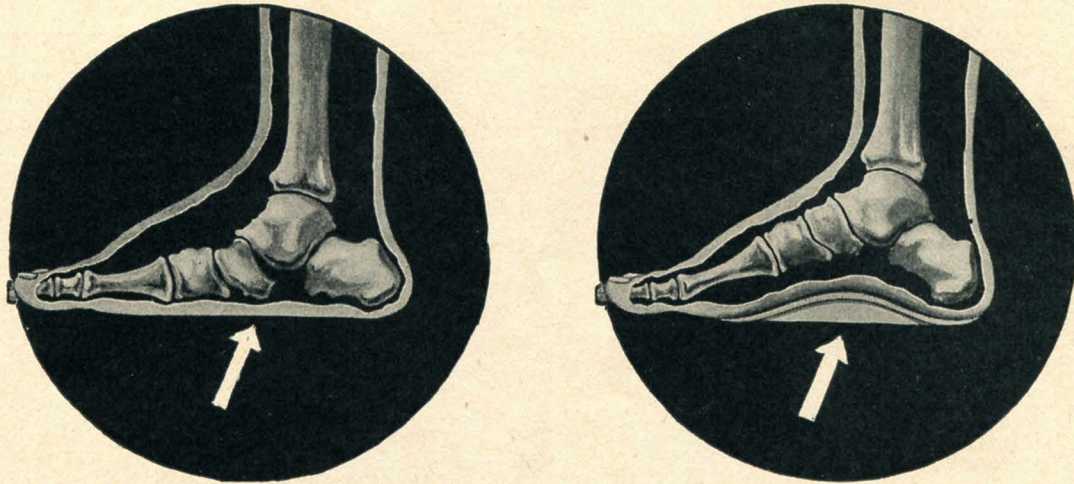
Why Not Mateless Days?

BUT location trips don't occur every week, or every month. There is balm for the tired business man, but seldom for the over-worked picture star piling her pitiful thousands in the First National on a Saturday afternoon.

If some kind judge would put aside two days in the week—say Tuesdays and Fridays—to call off all this true-to-you wedded stuff, and the press agents would quit running so many sweet domestic pictures, there would be fewer needs for intermittent marriages in Hollywood.

Our race has progressed from twin beds to twin bungalows. The next logical step is twin cities. Then, perhaps—only perhaps—the bridge between the cities will be well worn from the footsteps of husbands and wives, going to see each other.

No More Foot Pains!



Thousands Say New Invention Banishes Every Ache—Instantly!

No braces; no straps; no metal; no rigid appliances; no bandages; no trouble or bother of any kind. Yet every pain, twinge and soreness disappears instantly—as if by a touch of a magic wand!

NO longer need most of us suffer the tortures of tired, weak, aching burning feet! For foot specialists have perfected a marvelous new device which, usually, the very instant you make use of it, causes the pain and aches to disappear.

No matter how long you have suffered—no matter how many different treatments you have taken without relief—this new invention is positively guaranteed to relieve you completely of all foot misery and to bring you glorious foot comfort, or it costs you nothing.

Agonizing twinges in the arches and in-step—terrible drawing pains in the ankles and legs—torturous aches in the toes and heels—pains from burning, blistered, swollen joints—even pains from corns, bunions and callouses are at once relieved and you walk around with never a thought of foot pains. It's just as if you were given entirely new feet.

Why Pain Disappears Instantly

Science has proved that 99 of every 100 foot pains are caused by faulty arches. Your arches support the entire weight of your body. They consist of a series of delicate bones, nicely fitted together so as to form a spring. The spring of your arch cushions your weight and absorbs the shocks of walking.

Now your arches are held in place by certain muscles. But frequently these muscles become weakened and strained, with the result that the bones of your arches, under the weight of your body, are forced out of place. Then you begin suffering all the tortures of fallen arches. The displaced bones are jammed into the tender flesh of your feet, causing unbearable agony. The foot muscles become torn and twisted; sensitive nerves are squeezed, blood vessels are choked.

Yet, no matter how sore or aching your feet may be, the pain is relieved almost instantly by this sensational new scientific discovery. Why? Because this new device at once raises the flattened arches to their normal position, immediately relieving the unnatural pressure and friction that is causing your foot misery, and bringing you glorious foot comfort. The immediate relief from pain should actually amaze you! Furthermore, this new device strengthens your arch muscles with every step you take—so that they become strong and well again, and no further treatment is necessary!

How New Invention Works

The old way of treating fallen arches was to use rigid metal props, cumbersome straps, bandages, or ugly looking specially built shoes. But instead of strengthening the arches, these old-fashioned methods in many cases actually weakened them. They did not permit the foot muscles to get exercise, and as a result the arches flattened out again the moment these unnatural appliances were removed.

But this new invention, which can be slipped into any style shoe is entirely different. It is called the Airflex Arch Support, and is in the form of a light and springy pad, scientifically formed to the natural arch of the foot. Each pair is made of specially compounded Russian Sponge Rubber—one of the most resilient materials known—and to make this rubber even more springy it is actually surcharged with air. They are so light and flexible (as you can see in the little picture on this page) that were it not for the instant buoyancy and comfort they bring, you would never be aware of their presence.

As you walk on them—and it is like walking on layers of air—this springy rubber exerts a marvelously gentle and even pressure at all points. This instantly raises the fallen arches to their proper position and automatically adjusts the displaced arch bones. At the same time, as this light spring-rubber yields to your weight it reproduces exactly the natural spring of your arch! Its constant compression and expansion at every step massages, exercises and

strengthens the muscles in a natural way, thus quickly bringing back their old-time vigor and strength.

Results Positively Guaranteed

With this new kind of arch support results are usually evident instantly! Note how quickly all pain disappears. Note how they give you a buoyancy—a new sprightliness. With them you can walk or stand all day—without feeling the least bit of fatigue. But best of all, these results are permanent! For by exercising and strengthening the supporting muscles, the arches are again made sturdy and vigorous, and no further treatment is necessary. The New Airflex Arch Supports are positively guaranteed to banish all pain and build up the arches—and if after trying them you are not more than delighted with results, they cost you nothing.

SEND NO MONEY

Don't send a cent in advance. Simply fill in the coupon, being sure to give the exact size of your foot as instructed below. Don't hesitate to order by mail, for every day we are fitting hundreds this way. In spite of the fact that these supports have regularly sold for \$5.00—when the postman hands them to you, just pay him the amazingly low price of only \$1.95 (plus few cents postage) in full payment. Slip the supports into your shoes. Walk on them. See if you are not amazed at the wonderful relief and comfort they bring. Try them five days. Then if you are not pleased in every way with what they have done for you, simply return them and your money will be instantly—and gladly—refunded without question. This special low price of only \$1.95 is being made for a short time only and may never be offered again. So mail the coupon today—now—and say "Good-bye" to foot pains forever. Thompson-Barlow Co., Inc., Dept. A-368, 43 West 16th Street, New York, N. Y.

LOW PRICE INTRODUCTORY OFFER COUPON

THOMPSON-BARLOW CO., Inc.

Dept. A-368

43 West 16th Street
New York



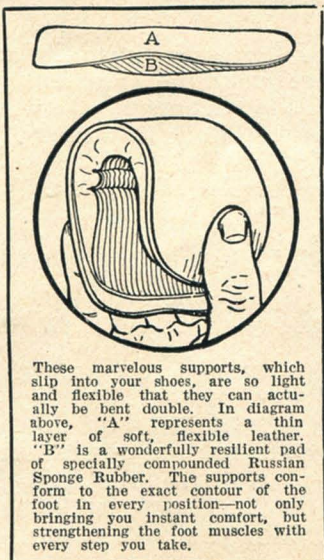
Send me at your risk the proper pair of your new Airflex Arch Supports. I will pay the postman only \$1.95, plus the few cents postage, in full payment. It is fully understood, however, that if I am not delighted after five days' trial, I may return them and you agree to refund my money without question.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Size of Shoe.....Width.....Men's ☐
Women's ☐



These marvelous supports, which slip into your shoes, are so light and flexible that they can actually be bent double. In diagram above, "A" represents a thin layer of soft, flexible leather. "B" is a wonderfully resilient pad of specially compounded Russian Sponge Rubber. The supports conform to the exact contour of the foot in every position—not only bringing you instant comfort, but strengthening the foot muscles with every step you take.

M. Ella Harris



BEFORE

Photo by Melbourne Spurr



AFTER

Photo by Melbourne Spurr

Photographs by Melbourne Spurr, Hollywood, who wishes to say that if there is any doubt as to the genuineness of the above photographs, refer anyone to him and he will show them the negatives.
MELBOURNE SPURR
 6040 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California

April 14th., 1923.

Apt. 101,
 718 South Alvarado St.,
 Los Angeles, California.

To Whom It May Concern:-

This is a word of encouragement and advice to my fellowmen who look in the mirror and find that Father Time has brushed his not too tender fingers across their faces and left those telltale lines and shadows.

My mirror looked back at me and my heart sank, but not for long, for I had heard that wrinkles could be removed so I began to investigate the different methods I saw advertised.

I interviewed several operators and saw many of their patients but M. Ella Harris at 1531 N. Bronson Ave., Hollywood, California proved to me beyond a doubt, that she could positively remove wrinkles and all blemishes. She showed me a number of people treated, perhaps only on one side, others completely rejuvenated, with their pictures taken before which proved to me that SHE WILL SET YOU BACK TWENTY YEARS.

But the one whose face showed the most marvelous effects of M. Ella Harris' treatment, was Miss Irene Hobson, actress, and after seeing her who had been kept beautiful by M. Ella Harris for seventeen years, and still retained the smooth contour and unwrinkled skin of youth, I WAS COMPLETELY CONVINCED.

M. Ella Harris treated my face about two months ago and I am entirely satisfied and received much more benefit than I had hoped. The mental effects have made me more happy as looking well makes one more agreeable to their friends. I will be glad to tell anyone who wishes to learn more of this method.

Yours truly,

(Address) Mrs. M. Steele,
 Apt. 101, 718 South Alvarado St., Los Angeles, California.

M. ELLA HARRIS

Also manufactures a splendid home treatment consisting of "Marvel Skin Tightener," "Special Double Astringent" and "Bleach Cream" which separately sells for \$7.00 but which will be mailed upon receipt of \$5.00, with full directions complete.

M. ELLA HARRIS,
 1531 N. Bronson Ave., Dept. S,
 Hollywood, California.

Enclosed please find \$5.00 for which send me your special home beauty treatment.

Name
 Address
 City State

"They Whiten and Tighten the Skin"
Wrinkles Disappear

SEND \$5.00 FOR THIS HOME BEAUTY TREATMENT TODAY

M. ELLA HARRIS

1531 NORTH BRONSON AVE.

HOLLYWOOD, CAL. Call 2-4 P. M. PHONE HOLLY 2170

Traitor Hands

(Continued from page 19)

Colleen Has Cuddly Hands

COLLEEN MOORE has nice cuddly hands soft and smooth, just made for patting and fondling. One can picture them holding a big puff to powder the baby. Or being kind to a stray cat. Distinctly kind, sympathetic hands, a nice home-girl's hands.

Bebe Daniels has large, strong, middle-class hands. I saw her once as a fairy in *Singed Wings*, and her hands did not seem to belong. They are not fairy's hands. They look as if they could snatch very effectually. If they elected to pat, they would surely smack.

Betty Compson has fairly good hands. Not patrician, rather plump, in fact. But squeezable hands. They are much prettier when she doesn't exhibit the knuckles. They seemed just the right sort of hands for Babbie, in *The Little Minister*. Not quite so good as the royal ward in *To Have and to Hold*, but very attractive when she rests them on the rail of the ship, in the contentment of her romance won.

Wanda Hawley's Boyish Hands

WANDA HAWLEY has rather boyish hands. They are a bit too large and too capable-looking for her pretty face. There is an ungraceful curve to the thumb when she claps anything tightly, and this shows knotty veins, also. But her nails are of a good shape. I imagine her hands could pitch a ball pretty straight, or wield a baseball bat competently.

Jacqueline Logan's hands photograph rather well, especially in repose. They belong very charmingly to her pretty arms. Some hands, you know, look as if they were stuck on as an afterthought.

Leatrice Joy's hands don't really belong to her. She is so aristocratic in appearance, so queenly, all but her hands. In *Manslaughter*, when we were given to understand that she was a rich young lady who never did anything more strenuous than driving a powerful motor-car, her hands looked as if she had been doing a big washing.

May MacAvoy's hands are not exactly pretty, but there is class to them. They look like well-bred but athletic hands, used to wielding a tennis racket or a golf club. They match May MacAvoy's face which has the cultivated expression most stars strive for and very few attain. They are competent, self assured hands.



Photograph of hand of Mildred McKamy, LaGrange, Ill., showing hand before wearing Dr. Egan's Magic Night Gloves



Photograph of Miss McKamy's hand after wearing gloves just four nights

Magic New Gloves that Whiten Hands

A pair of gloves of amazing powers! Nothing like them ever known or dreamed of. Worn at night, while you sleep, they work a miraculous transformation in the hands. They turn the hands white—as white as a lily, and as soft and smooth!

Your hands may be "a sight"; they may be a raw red or an "old-age" yellow; they may be dark with tan or blotched with freckles or liver spots; they may be sadly seared by housework, deeply lined, rough and coarse—yet they become hands of the whiteness of snow and the softness of velvet under the magic of these gloves.



Wear Them While You Sleep or an Hour or Two a Day While Doing Your Work

No Hands Are Hopeless

The marvelous gloves are the invention of that great physician, the famous Dr. S. J. Egan. Their magic lies in a remarkable substance with which they are treated or impregnated. This substance or preparation, perfected by Dr. Egan, is worked into the very fabric of the gloves. And when activated by the natural warmth of the hands, it has a peculiarly potent whitening and softening effect upon the hands. The hands actually turn white—a charming natural white. They become soft and smooth, exquisitely so. Even hands that have had no care for years, hands that look hopelessly worn and old take on the beauty of lovely whiteness and softness and become fresh and young-looking under the action of these wonderful gloves.

Results in One Night

What does it profit a woman to have beauty of face or figure or the clothes of a queen, if her hands are uncouth? By your hands more than anything else, does the world estimate you. What about your hands? Do they attract or repel? Are they hands to show confidently or hands to hide?

The poignant attraction that lies in pretty hands is now yours to command. The magic of Dr. Egan's impregnated gloves makes it possible. Just one night's wear of these marvelous gloves is enough to show you.

In summer especially you need Dr. Egan's medicated gloves to keep your hands free from tan and freckles.

Send today for a pair of Dr. Egan's Magic Gloves for free trial. Note that a jar of Dr. Egan's Pore-Lax accompanies the gloves, all in a neat, attractive container. The Pore-Lax is a special cream to apply before donning the gloves to open the pores for the purpose of quickening

the action of the impregnated gloves. Use gloves with or without Pore-Lax Cream, but preferably with it. Dr. Egan's medicated gloves not only beautify the hands but they make manicuring easy because they soften the cuticle.

Special FREE Trial Offer SEND NO MONEY

See how clean and pleasant the gloves are to wear—how comfortably they fit—no binding. But above all, note the effects in your hands! Your first night's experience with the gloves will prove a revelation. In a week you'll have hands of a beautiful whiteness and softness to marvel at. For the purpose of introducing the wonders of Dr. Egan's Magic Gloves to the readers of this publication, two thousand orders for the gloves will be filled at the special introductory price of \$1.95 (plus postage) which you may pay on delivery. To be sure of securing the benefit of the reduced price, apply promptly. Every pair of gloves sent out on open free trial basis. Your money back if you are not more than surprised and delighted with the results from these remarkable gloves. Act at once and share in the special reduced price offer. Use coupon below or copy the wording in a letter or postcard. Write today—NOW!

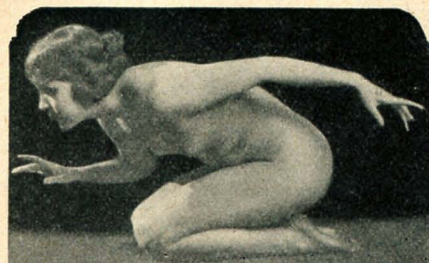
DR. S. J. EGAN, Dept. 6, 220 S. State St., Chicago, Ill.

Complete Outfit Sent in Plain Wrapper



DR. S. J. EGAN, Dept. 6, 220 So. State St., Chicago (1)
Please send me (in plain package) for free trial, a pair of Dr. Egan's Magic Gloves for whitening and softening the hands. I will pay postman \$1.95, (plus postage) on delivery of the gloves. (If you prefer, send \$2 now in full payment.) If I am not perfectly delighted with the change in my hands in 5 days I may return gloves and get my money back in full.

Name
Address
My Glove Size is



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exquisite photographs
posed from life*

One of the most artistic and fascinating series of art studies in the nude that has ever been compiled. Artists will find this book extremely helpful. Some of these charming studies are studio poses, while others are in natural California woodland settings.

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*—gather daily at
Armstrong-Carleton's!*

Don't fail to dine here when you visit Hollywood—you're sure to see your favorite screen star.

Armstrong-Carleton's Cafe

6600 Hollywood Boulevard
HOLLYWOOD - CAL.

Shoestrings

(Continued from page 84)

"Quick, Glory," she panted, "He's coming after me!"

At the risk of their lives, Glory let "Charlotte" coast down the long hill.

Mary Lee sat shivering. Glory covered her with her own fur coat. She asked no questions until Mary Lee was safely tucked into bed with hot water bottles and warm milk. Then she heard the story.

"Synthetic gin causes Mr. Volstead and me lots of annoyance these days," was Glory's only comment. "It has a way of turning harmless hybrids into senseless skunks!"

"How did you ever happen to come for me, Glory?"

"I didn't mean to come for you at all, but to deliver a telegram for you, such an important sounding one that I decided you ought to have it at once. It's from Joe."

"Am wiring you two hundred dollars for ticket home. Have opened branch store 125th Street, and engaged our apartment. Hollywood isn't in it with Harlem."

"Joe."

Mary Lee crumpled.

"Well, I take it Harlem's won," Glory smiled down at her.

"But I'm not giving up my career, only transplanting it," Mary Lee capitulated with shining eyes. "I thought your hunch had come true tonight when I realized they meant to star me, but now I know, Glory, it's just love, 'love of the old familiar things, the safe things', that I want. Who would ever have thought that Joe would turn cave-man? But I can trust him to the ends of the earth. Oh, Joe, I'm coming. Glory dear, is it too late to send him a message? Open all night? Good."

Back in Harlem, this was the wire

that made Joe turn handsprings for joy:

"Ready to come home to Harlem and you but am bringing the best of Hollywood with me." "Mary Lee."

A MONTH later a heavy, overstuffed chair in a tiny One Hundred and Twenty-Sixth Street apartment sheltered two lovers. Joe's square sandy head bent in utter tenderness above Mary Lee's golden curls, which were pillowed on his shoulder.

She was trying to convince him of the spell of Hollywood.

"It's a land of make-believe," she told him, "with all the magic castles and knights, of streets in Paris or Monte Carlo, of the desert of Arabia and the hills of Palestine, of the joy of sending one's imagination skipping into other worlds—"

"But that's only sham," he objected. "When we've saved enough, dear, we'll go around the world and see the real thing, not just a cheap imitation of it."

Mary Lee smiled. She would never be able to make him understand the spell. She glowed, however, at his dream. Joe had so many dreams for her. She snuggled down contentedly as a kitten into the shelter of his strong arms.

"But you must admit that this one thing is true, Joe—that I've brought the best thing in Hollywood home with me, the spirit of the Gang, of living and giving and loving, or loving and giving, as you prefer."

"I know," Joe grinned sheepishly, "I forgot to tell you that I sent off another box of shoes to them today."

"Joe, you darling!"

For after all, Joe's shoestrings had been the tie that bound her to Harlem.

Movie Mamas

(Continued from page 18)

look the part and who can impress casting directors, producers and directors. Many an "adopted" mother is as devoted as the blood relation kind.

Eileen Percy has never chosen a mother to take the place of the devoted companion she lost when her mother died in New York. Eileen was in the Follies, and that fact worried her mother on her death bed. Eileen promised her to give up the stage and on the day the solicitous, devoted mother breathed her last, Eileen gave her resignation to Florenz Ziegfeld.

But she could no more stay out of the public eye than an aviator can be content with a Ford. Immediately she was elected to play leads with Fairbanks, and came, fatherless and motherless, to Hollywood. The fact that she is the main support of orphaned brothers and sisters may have something to do with the steadiness with which her pretty feet have walked the straight and narrow path, but it is probably the good spirit of that dead mother who is eternally watching over her.

Second-Hand Glory

(Continued from page 66)

on the sleepy streets of Hollywood.

The Make-up Ruse

OFTEN they purchase make-up at some drug-store selling movie cosmetics and, thus grease-painted, slip through the gates with the extras returning from lunch. As the players seldom have longer than half an hour for the midday meal, they do not remove their make-up but hasten to some cafe or counter near the studio. Extras are usually given passes when they are engaged for several weeks' work in some big production, but seldom show them; their make-up is the "Open Sesame!" which causes the big gates to swing back at their demand. So it sometimes happens that this ruse works successfully for the outsiders who burn with the desire to become insiders.

But the gatemen have good eyes and memories for faces—else they wouldn't be gatemen—and soon spot those who are regularly employed as extras; a new face causes them to make inquiries and if the person wearing it cannot account for his presence on the lot he is summarily ejected. The gateman at one of the studios, considered the prize specimen of the trade whose services are the cause of competition among the producers, used to be a traffic-cop and never has gotten the crust out of his system. Which makes him a gateman to be valued.

Photographers' Little Tricks

SOME photographers—the less reputable and established ones—have their little ruses, too. Many and ingenious are the means used by the gentlemen of the camera to get the stars to sit for them. For to have Mary Pickford as a client, for instance, means much more than the mere price of the photographs, which is no bagatelle, by the way, as Mary orders a favorite photograph in ten-thousand lots.

To be known as Mary Pickford's photographer is of real commercial benefit to any photographer. Other stars will flock to him, thinking perhaps he can make them look as beautiful as Mary does. Outsiders flock, also; it is an honor to be photographed by Mary's photographer. The same applies to the other big stars. So the photographers strive to lure the stars to their studios.

One inconspicuous studio in Los Angeles yearned for star clients. The manager had a bright idea. He would call up a certain star and say, "This is Screenland. Please be at the So-and-So studio Tuesday at four for a sitting. We would like very much to use a new photograph.



The Most Absorbing Problem of the Hour

1,589 girls under 21 years of age were reported missing to the New York Police in the past two months, according to the records of Capt. John S. Ayer, chief of the Missing Persons Bureau.

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The Film Climbers

(Continued from page 21)

Comediennes Don't Count

THE social rank of a comedy queen, even though she be a star, is slightly below that of an assistant director. The impression that "on a comedy lot you can get away with murder, providing you mop up the blood", prevails so strongly, that comediennes are looked upon more or less as social errors. At dances, the comedienne haunts the sidelines while her dramatic sister fox-trots gaily.

Sometimes an actor or actress will be lifted to social prominence through the influence of a prominent friend. Such was the case of little May Collins, who bloomed socially under the sponsoring of Charlie Chaplin. But when the pleasant little affair was over, and the "angel" no longer functioned, May ceased to be included "among those present" at the smartest parties. Though a sweet little girl, May had nothing else to give her prestige, no real dramatic talent nor professional standing.

Lila Lee has never mingled very much with Hollywood's butterflies. She has been working too hard, and is too carefully chaperoned by her cautious mama. For a while she numbered among the many who were smiled upon by Charlie Chaplin. He did not take her seriously, however, and now her main society expeditions are taken in the devoted company of James Kirkwood.

Bebe Daniels is very popular. She goes everywhere. Her vivacity, her beauty and her "pep" open all doors to her.

Bill Hart Is Hermit

WHO are Bill Hart's friends? Hollywood would like to know. He seldom appears in public. Occasionally one meets him on the street, wearing a disreputable old brown corduroy jacket, worn threadbare at the elbows. Before his marriage to Winifred Westover he was seen occasionally with Jane Novak. But his adventures in society are few and far between.

Edna Purviance ranks among the "upper ten". At Pasadena she is a member in good standing of the exclusive polo set. And between the stately Edna, who is only starring in her first picture, and Louise Fazenda, for instance, who has been featured for years but is socially damned for aye as a comedienne there is a social gap, leagues wide.

Pola Negri consorts only with Charlie Chaplin and the George Fitzmaurices.

William Desmond and his wife, Mary McIvor Desmond, entertain a great deal. May Allison, who is the wife of the wealthy and socially desirable Robert Ellis of New Orleans, is a frequent guest of the Desmonds.

The Douglas MacLeans seldom go out with professional people but Mrs. MacLean, who is a talented pianist, gives musical teas very often.

Titles Don't Count

AEONS ago—it must have been all of a year, which is an eternity in film-dom—a real title came to Hollywood. Two of them, in fact. All Hollywood came, bearing tribute. The noble visitors were Lady Sackville-West and Sir Frank Popham-Young. They so far blessed our fair city as to deign to work in a picture. "Atmosphere", of course, but what "atmosphere"! They were invited into the most exclusive homes and stars crowded to shake their hands. Elinor Glyn stopped looking pained and began smiling again.

But much water has gone under the bridge since then, and many titles have come to uplift the screen. And Hollywood no longer titillates at the lengthy and aristocratic names. After all, an extra is an extra, even with a name like Count Pedro Antonio Guiseppi y Alvaro.

But there is one exception. He is Craig Biddle, of the Philadelphia Biddles, you know, dear. Fancy Mrs. Biddle—such a charming woman, we caught a real good glimpse of her when we were on location at Palm Beach last winter—letting the dear boy come out here alone to get into pictures! It's such a beastly game for the new-comer! I really feel it's my duty to help him get started; his mother was really very sweet to us the time her limousine crashed into my Stutz, and besides, a photograph taken with Craig Biddle is awfully good publicity! Et cetera, et cetera. So reasoned several stars, and invitations rained down upon the youthful Craig. But Craig, who had just passed up college to make his way in the movies, declined gracefully all invitations, and stated his intention of devoting himself exclusively to his work. He is getting along nicely—just how nicely may be discerned by the fact that Derelys Perdue has just disclaimed in print the fact that she is engaged to him; "they are only very good friends". For a star to even mention the name of an extra along with hers is deeply significant to the Hollywood cognoscenti.



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The Spirit Lover

(Continued from page 23)

acknowledge the possession of souls and their duty to them and to the world.

A star will talk of her beliefs on marriage, her convictions regarding Freud and the mother-in-law complex, her matured beliefs on the Einstein theory, and her personal reaction to Ring Lardner's brand of humor, but if she has a religion she keeps it pretty tightly locked up in the box marked "strictly private". And who can blame her? Being interviewed on one's soul would be a most embarrassing thing, and the chances for being misquoted would be far too great.

But in the course of conversation along other lines I have had the good fortune to find a few rare pearls of spiritual belief. That the public may not condemn Hollywood utterly as a place where spirituality is the unknown quantity, I am passing a few of them on.

Betty Compson is surrounded by influences which do not make it any easier for her to develop the spiritual side of her nature. Her mother is a Catholic, and her sweetheart, Walter Morosco, does not sympathize with her at all in her seeking after soul truths. Most people who are told that Betty is a spiritualist shrug and laugh, believing it is a new "publicity dodge", but it most emphatically is not. It is the one thing Betty has kept personal and free of the taint of publicity. Her long discussion of her beliefs in spiritualism and reincarnation were with me as a friend, not as a magazine writer. And I do not feel that I have violated that confidence, since my own beliefs coincide with many of hers, and since I have the highest respect for the side of her nature which she revealed.

Betty is a psychic. She says she has been psychic ever since she can remember. Her mother allowed her almost no playmates, for she was so afraid the child's mind or body would become contaminated. Incidentally, Betty had none of the childish diseases until she was grown, and then she nearly died of them. She had measles when she was making her first Paramount picture! But having no playmates of flesh and blood made little difference to Betty. She had spirit playmates, she vows, and one of them was charmingly named Delphene.

"I remember that I always felt like a fairy playing with fairy children, whom I could see but whom no one else noticed. I used to think it strange that mother could not see them."

Betty's first communication with a departed spirit came after the death of

(Continued on page 101)



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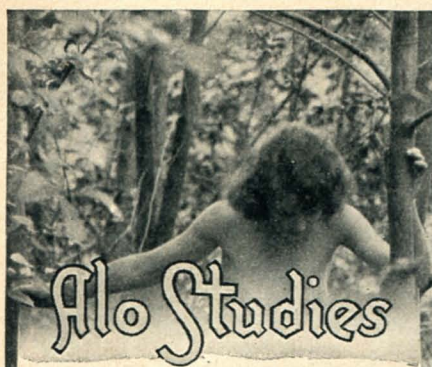
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Fool's Gold

(Continued from page 55)

dollar or so each.

I have really decided that money is a community commodity, just like food, air and water. I'd never refuse anyone food, air or water, if I had them and they didn't. I feel the same about money. If ever I possess any, whoever needs it can have it.

My Oriental servant job came and went. I worked only three days, and earned thirty dollars instead of my promised hundred and fifty. I had to smear on a lot of brown makeup and drape yards and yards of cheese cloth about my body. Round and round it went until I was nearly completely covered. The "nearly" represents the strangest part of my anatomy, my stomach. Why the Orientals bandage themselves so tightly, but leave poor bare "tummies" to buffet the winds is beyond me. But just to show you how blithe one can be in any and all circumstances, I must admit that when in New York I felt indecent if my ears showed, now I find myself going about the studios of Hollywood, bare stomached, but positively blushless.

A Hostage to Fortune

Oct. 15, 1921.

FIVE, one, seven counts up to thirteen, but it's been the luckiest number in my life since I've been "fighting the films". It is the address of the best pawn broker in Los Angeles, and I feel lonely if I don't see my little man's smiling face every week or so.

The other day I was walking with a distinguished Shakespearian actor who knew me in New York in palmier days. Coming toward me I recognized a familiar face. Now as I had never before chanced to see my pawn broker outside his shop, I was delighted. My greeting was cordial and heartfelt. He bowed a smiling response. The distinguished actor, turning to me in some surprise said:

D. A.—Who is your opulent friend?
Me.—He is my "life saver".

D. A.—Oh, I suppose you frequent the beaches together?

Me.—Yes, we play a game, a deep sea game. I swim out as far as I can. He stays on shore and holds firmly to one end of the life-line. I sport with the waves, buffet them a bit, you understand, and then, just as I see a big green comber rolling over my head, I manage to grasp the other end of his life-line, and he pulls me safe in to shore.

D. A.—Good gracious, child! That sounds a bit dangerous.

Me.—Oh, no, not at all. It's merely piquant and colorful and gives me a zest for living.

Of course I try not to lie deliberately about this little man who helps me so much, but I do have the most awful time with my various pieces of jewelry. One friend gave me a rather handsome bracelet. She's a family friend, and doesn't understand "picture poverty", or "actress appetites" at all, and I have passed the stage where I try to make "fire-side females" see the point of view of "free flaming flappers". So I keep quiet, and let her think what she wants about me.

However, the bracelet she gave me plays a big part in my life. I pawn it for fifteen dollars, pay a week's board, and have a bit left. Then, like a bolt from the blue, she'll wire me she's coming to visit me for a week. I dash madly about, try to get two days' extra work, or touch every friend I have, to borrow enough to take out the bracelet from "517". Then the day after her visit is over, back goes the bracelet.

In And Out of Hock

AMONG ALL my treasures that go in and out of pawn, this certainly gives me the most anxiety.

There is one thing at least that this frequent occurrence has taught me. I know when I get to be a star, and become interested in potential great ones, I'll bestow upon them, instead of chocolates and perfume, only genuinely pawnable articles, and I'll enclose a card:

"There is no string to this gift. You need not feel you have to wear it every time you see me. In fact, I care not whether I ever see it again."

I know lots of people who rush to their trunks and haul out photographs of relatives they hate, just because those relatives are coming out to the Coast. They think they have to, poor things.

People seem to think you should wear their presents, because they gave them to you. Seems so queer and sentimental. Now, truly, I feel better, lighter in every way, with my things in "517". My opulent-looking friend takes excellent care of them. I trust him implicitly. It's a great relief, to have a pawn broker you can trust, for I once lost one of my most precious and



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valued possessions in a pawn shop. When I went to the Police, and asked them whom they could recommend, without any hesitation I was advised "517". I suppose they had had experience too.

My Prospects Look Bright

BUT THE day will come, I suppose, when I'll have them all with me again—my rings and Italian cameo, my three pins and two bracelets, and five watches—not that they run, but they are all gifts from loving friends. It looks suspiciously as if the day were coming very soon. I've been promised a picture job, with a new company going to Mexico. It seems almost settled. I am to do the vamp. A new Company, looking for new talent,—that's me. They have plenty of money, and so far, even with both eyes open, it certainly looks all right. One hundred and fifty dollars a week!

Then they have promised me such a nice part at the Fine Art Studio. Nothing for weeks and suddenly two corking parts to choose from. Pictures are certainly "picking up". So many new companies are forming. I really dare let myself feel happy and confident tonight.

* * * * *

A week later.

Both jobs have petered out. Let this be graven on my tombstone:

"Jobs spring eternal in the Extra Girl's mind,

Jobs never are, but some day one she'll find.

Assisting Mr. 517 o'er Heavens gate to climb.

The angels will all welcome him,

The dear God good and kind

Will place upon our Extra's head the starry crown she pined."

(To be Continued)

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

Next Month: The little extra girl learns how bathing beauties earn their salaries; she discovers how a silk sweater can help that hungry feeling; what young extra girls ought to know is demonstrated forcibly to her; she tells how a bent pin brought her a contract and how she learned of a new use for castor oil. Don't miss the third installment of this amazingly human story of an extra girl, in SCREEN-LAND for September, ready August first.

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Worst of all, there is the mother of a beautiful little girl who wants her child affianced to Jackie! She thinks the arrangement would be fine! Of course they wouldn't be married until they were of age, but wouldn't it be nice to have everything all settled!

I Confess

(Continued from page 66)

live stock were burned and the surrounding forests caught fire. Our company was hemmed in with no chance for escape. Forest rangers and actors dug trenches madly and fought the blaze to save our lives and to prevent a ravaging forest fire from sweeping across the mountains.

It was a corking news story, and I got it down the valley over long distance before the line was cut off. Several Los Angeles papers believed the story and printed it, but the largest paper in town, suspicious of press agents, never printed a line of it. Later, when they found that I had told them the truth, it was easy to land all sorts of other news in their columns, for they admitted a new confidence in our publicity department.

They Spilled the Beans

AND THEN, two years ago, just when the news dailies were beginning to admit that perhaps the truth *might* be in the press agents, one of our tribe turned a trick that blew up all the bridges the rest of us had laboriously spanned over the valley of deceit.

Every paper in the United States bit on the story concerning the woman film star who had been seized by bandits while horseback-riding alone in the Hollywood hills. Some five hundred local business men deserted their desks to search the hills for the girl and her supposed abductors. Charlie Chaplin offered a large sum of money for her safe return. Two days later, the star was found in a fainting condition near the doorstep of a hillside cottage. Her hair wasn't even mussed. It was quite a mystery how she got there, as the hills had been combed again and again by the searchers. She said she had been wandering in a dazed condition. Then a rumor crept out that a house party was being held a little way up the valley, and that the star had been secreted there. The papers concluded that they had made asses of themselves in print and wouldn't do so again. It took a long time for other press agents to repair that damage.

Is Charlie Spoofing Us?

EVEN NOW, the papers admit they are occasionally hoodwinked. Until Charlie Chaplin and Pola Negri are actually married, the news sheets are going to wonder if they have been spinning a charming but fictitious romance.

One occasion that caused chagrin not only to the press but to members of the company happened not long ago. A

FAT

the ENEMY that is shortening Your Life BANISHED!

BY DISSOLVING THE YEAST CELLS THAT MAKE
AN ALCOHOL DISTILLERY OF YOUR STOMACH



The fat in your body is caused by a simple chemical process.

Yeast cells in your stomach combine with starch and sugar and form ALCOHOL. When alcohol gets in the blood, fatty tissue is made instead of healthy, lean muscle. Fat people, even though they be TOTAL ABSTAINERS have four billion yeast cells (or more) in their stomachs—enough to make 4 ounces of alcohol a day. Destroy this excess of yeast cells and you immediately destroy Fat at its source!

**NO
DANGER**
GUARANTEED
HARMLESS

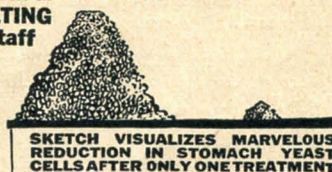
NO DIET—NO BATHS—NO EXERCISE!

Dr. R. L. Graham's marvelous prescription, known as NEUTROIDS, destroys the yeast cells, stops alcoholization and reduces fat. No bother or inconvenience; can be carried in vest pocket or hand bag. Neutroids are composed of harmless ingredients that act only on the yeast cells that make you fat and not directly

on the body. Neutroids are personally guaranteed by R. Lincoln Graham, M. D., to accomplish satisfactory reducing results and, furthermore, they are guaranteed to contain no thyroid extract, no harmful laxatives, no dangerous, habit-forming drugs. Don't bother with dieting, baths or exercise when Neutroids will accomplish better results with no inconvenience.

**FREE PERSONAL MAIL CONSULTING
SERVICE—by Dr. Graham's Staff**

R. Lincoln Graham, M. D., discoverer of the marvelous prescription known as Neutroids, although a practicing physician, has finally been prevailed upon to offer his priceless remedy to the public. He insists, however, that Neutroids must be only a PART of his fat-reducing service. You are to write him fully and confidentially. Dr. Graham, or a member of his staff at his New York sanitarium will give careful attention to your inquiries and write you a personal letter of advice. Anyone ordering Neutroids may use this service.



SKETCH VISUALIZES MARVELOUS
REDUCTION IN STOMACH YEAST
CELLS AFTER ONLY ONE TREATMENT

SEND NO MONEY—SEND ONLY THIS COUPON

Fill in and mail this coupon only, to my sanitarium. I will send you two full weeks' treatment of fat-reducing Neutroids. Pay the postman only \$2 (a small portion of my regular consulting fee) plus 15 cents postage. If the treatment does not effect a satisfactory reduction, return the empty box and I will refund your money. (Signed) R. Lincoln Graham, M. D.

DR. R. LINCOLN GRAHAM, care of The Graham Sanitarium, Inc., 123 East 89th St., Dept. 120, New York City:—Send me 2 weeks' treatment of Neutroids which entitles me to free professional mail consulting service and free booklet on Obesity. I will pay postman \$2 (plus 15c postage) on arrival of the Neutroids in plain package. I understand my money will be refunded if I do not get a satisfactory reduction from this 2 weeks' treatment.

Name..... Age..... Sex.....
Address..... Weight.....

from Sunny California

A delicious can of nature's own food containing nuts, sun-kissed raisins and olives sweetened with California honey.

TASTY

HEALTHFUL

Mailed postpaid for One Dollar

MORE LIFE FOOD MANUFACTURING CO.

823-24 Loew's State Bldg.

Los Angeles, Calif.



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WORLD GOES WILD

over "KILRUTE" a new scientific discovery which not only instantly removes superfluous hair but really works to melt and destroy the endocrine glands upon the secretion of which hair growth is dependent. (The deficiency of this gland secretion is the cause of baldness.) KILRUTE works directly upon these glands where ever applied and thus ends the hair growth.

KILRUTE Hair Destroyer consists of a powder and liquid, both applied directly to the skin with the hands. It is absolutely harmless, can even be left on over night or powdered over and forgotten and is a wonderful skin softener and beautifier.

"KILRUTE" IS AS EFFECTIVE FOR MEN AS FOR WOMEN

A guarantee to refund your money, if unsatisfactory, is enclosed in every package. Be careful of any hair destroyer which does not give a money back guarantee, if dissatisfied.

PLEASE do not confuse KILRUTE with any thing heretofore on the market as there is absolutely nothing like it. Chemists and druggists the world over will agree with us on this, so do not be misled.

Do not suffer the annoyance and humiliation of superfluous hair a day longer than you have to. Give KILRUTE a chance at this special low introductory price and learn the reason why smart discriminating people of society and the stage WHO KNOW have discarded former methods for KILRUTE. You'll eventually have to come to KILRUTE anyhow,—so why not now?

KILRUTE will be sent C. O. D. or sold direct. Price \$5.00 plus a few cents postage. FREE DEMONSTRATION or full charge treatment at address below.

Owing to postal regulation, post office money orders must accompany all foreign orders.

KILRUTE COMPANY

Dept. 3

247 West 72nd Street

New York City

NOTE: News of the wonderful work of KILRUTE has caused such an overwhelming demand that we are obliged to discontinue sending out free trial samples, but we shall be happy to give FREE DEMONSTRATION or full treatment with charge at above address.

press agent wrote up a fictitious catastrophe supposedly happening to a company on location in another state. He stated that the camera man, certain actors and the director were seriously injured. Wives and sisters of the men, not knowing that the story was utterly without foundation, suffered a sleepless night at the telegraph station, trying to find out if their loved ones were seriously hurt. When they learned it was all a hoax, the things they said about the p. a. must have blistered his ears.

Press Agents are Goats

THOUGH the press agent occasionally causes trouble for someone else, he gets a lot of it himself. Because we are neither scenery, camera nor players, studio folk have always felt that we are not highly important in the making of a picture. We are the goats.

Some stars seem to enjoy having us run after them, begging them to pose for stills for the magazines, and giving us the smallest measure of co-operation.

Then some morning, when the breakfast eggs don't digest well, the star goes to the office of the production manager and presently we press agents hear the words, "My contract says..." and "more publicity..." through the open window. Then we pull in our belts, anticipating trouble, take a little card from our desk and trot over to the production manager's office. Our little card gives the dates and number of times the star has broken her appointment with our camera man and publicity department. We show him just how much valuable time and publicity she has destroyed by being "too busy" when we needed her temperamental self.

Helene Chadwick mentioned in her suit against the Goldwyn company that she didn't get as much publicity as other stars, especially Claire Windsor. Helene is a good actress, but she's darned hard to publicize. In fact, she snubs the publicity department. I remember one instance in particular. Through my personal friendship with a magazine editor, I managed to induce him to use a reproduction of an oil painting of Helene for the front cover of their Thanksgiving number. The magazine has thousands of readers and it meant a big scoop for our company. We secured a splendid artist for posing her. Do you think she would sit for the painting? I should say not. She had something else to do that day.

I was so disappointed and so determined to take advantage of this rare opportunity to land the cover, that I posed Naomi Childers, who was then less famous than she is now. The editor liked the picture and used it on the

Thanksgiving cover.

Claire Windsor is always charming when we ask her to pose. No matter how tired she may be, she will cheerfully change half a dozen frocks in order to give us new fashion pictures. On Sundays, our photographer may go to her home and shoot pictures of herself and her little boy. She helps us think up new stories about herself which may interest the public. She has sense enough to know that her co-operation helps with her own advancement in her work.

Swamped with Publicity

THERE is rather an odd story told about Claire. Two years ago, before her rapid growth or popularity had begun, she was completely in the dark on all matters of publicity. That is, she subscribed to no clipping bureau and therefore did not receive copies of the press notices published about her in the papers and magazines.

At my suggestion, she enlisted the services of two of the largest clipping bureaus in this country. The charge made by them is five cents for every clipping sent in and this sum seemed very small at the time.

Two months later, Miss Windsor was rumored engaged to Charlie Chaplin and the newspapers all over the country began to print her picture and his. Clippings from all over the United States began to pour in on her and within a week's time the floor was knee deep with them. Her bill ran to \$175.00 that month and since that she has been obliged to limit her clipping order in quantity and scope.

He Didn't Believe in Publicity

A CERTAIN director told me he didn't believe in publicity—that the perfection of the motion pictures that he made was enough advertisement for his august self. We let him suffer in bleak oblivion after that remark, and it wasn't long before the board of directors of the studio, hearing nothing about him, began to think he wasn't important enough for the high class productions they were trying to make. And when he lost his job, he found that other studios knew nothing about him, and he had the greatest difficulty in advertising his ability by word of mouth.

Farrar Knows Value of Publicity

GERALDINE FARRAR, who was starred in pictures a few years ago, was blessed by every publicity department. She rehearsed from six to eight every morning for her forthcoming concert tour, played in pictures all day, and

accepted innumerable social engagements. But she always managed to squeeze in time for interviews and pictures and her appointments were always kept on time, too.

Lately her matrimonial troubles seem to be getting on her nerves, however, for she has publicly insulted interviewers and declared that newspaper men and publicity had never done anything for her. Without publicity, the greatest singer in the world would be as little known as Einstein's theory.

She Got an Interview

Not so long ago, we sent a star out on the road to make personal appearances. The star refused to be interviewed by local newspapermen in some of the towns she visited. We called her back to the studio, after learning the outcome of one of these refusals. In a large Ohio city, she was particularly curt in her refusal to talk to a reporter. He determined he wasn't going back without some kind of a story, so he went back-stage and stood behind a piece of scenery, on the lookout for material. He got it. After the star had lisped her little "so glad to know all you folks" and had tripped off-stage, she spied a vaudeville singer she had known in the good old days when both toured the circuits. They made a supper date. Then when the star had gone into her dressing-room to change into street togs, and the vaudevillian began to undress and don his make-up, things back stage became very playful. Somebody squirted a bottle of vichy, and the film star thought it would be fun to moisten her vaudeville friend. She squirted the vichy through the transom of his door, and he produced another bottle and squirted it through her transom, and as nobody was completely dressed, it made a lovely story in the local sheet. The newspaper man called it "My interview with Veda of the Films" and described the scene in vivid detail. My type-writer lost both bolts and screws in my frantic attempt to kill or cover the story.

Legal Complications

ANOTHER star got us into legal complications. She signed with a perfume manufacturer, allowing him the exclusive use of her picture and signature for three years. That was such easy money that, unbeknown to us, she also signed with a facial pack manufacturer for virtually the same thing. We had a hectic time persuading the judge that the little dear didn't know what she was doing.

Still another star will always pose for pictures, but he invariably dislikes

Banish Gray Hair

Wm. J. Brandt's Liquid

EAU DE HENNA

Hair Color Restorer

Covers the gray and brings back the color

As Natural as Nature

The work done by EAU DE HENNA is truly wonderful. No one will know that the color of your hair has been restored.

WM. J. BRANDT'S EAU DE HENNA

Will restore the color to gray, faded, bleached or streaky hair. It permeates the hair, covers ALL the gray hair; leaves no streaks or spots. Will cover any gray, no matter how stubborn, or no matter how caused. Eau de Henna leaves the hair

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Does not give that flat, dead look so common to many restorers.

The Use of Eau de Henna does not interfere with permanent waving

Eau de Henna is two liquids, one application. It colors at once. No mess. No pack. Anyone can put it on; will not rub off. Not affected by sea bathing, sun, shampooing, permanent waving or straightening iron. Will withstand tropical climates. It stays on for a long time. WILL NOT BREAK THE HAIR.

Wonderful for Touching Up

You can put it on just where it is needed. Can be used to touch up where powdered henna dyes have been used. The shades blend in beautifully.

Full directions in English and Spanish in each box.

Eau de Henna comes in the following colors: Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Light Brown, Blond, Auburn, Drab.

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Postpaid to any part of the United States, \$2.50, (C. O. D. \$2.60).

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HAIR SPECIALTY CO.,

Dept. 65

24 East 21st St., New York

Men as well as women can use Eau de Henna to advantage



ANNOUNCEMENT OF WINNERS

The winner of the \$10.00 prize offered in the June issue of SCREENLAND for the best answer to "Which advertisement in this issue of SCREENLAND appeals to you most—and why?" is

Alice Stevenson,
1818 Emerson Street
Palo Alto, California.

Our heartiest congratulations to Miss Stevenson for her splendid letter. We regret that lack of space prevents our publishing its unusually clever contents.

WATCH SCREENLAND'S ADVERTISING COLUMNS FOR THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF NEW CONTESTS!



NAMES OF THE WINNERS OF THE SCREENLAND TITLE CONTEST

Will be announced in the September issue of Screenland.

Although this announcement was scheduled for the August issue, the judges were unable to complete their work on account of the tremendous number of titles submitted.

WATCH FOR THE ANNOUNCEMENT IN THE SEPTEMBER SCREENLAND!

\$2.00 BRINGS THIS RING— NO REFERENCES NEEDED

Only \$2.00 down and \$1.00 per week for this platinum fin. finest hand pierced ARTEX ring with two French cut blue sapphires on sides. Guaranteed full 1 ct. perfect cut stone of blue white diamond radiance and beauty. For a flawless diamond of this cut and size, you would pay, elsewhere, upwards of \$150. Our special price only \$12.00—and ten weeks to pay it. Send for yours now. State whether ladies' or gents' desired, giving finger size. Our guarantee protects you. **ARTEX COMPANY, 1133 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.**

SEXOLOGY Complete authoritative works on sexual and psychoanalytic problems for advanced and professional readers. Send 10c. postage for complete international catalog.

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CAN BE CURED. If you suffer from pimples, acne, blackheads, brown spots or eruptions I want to send you my simple home treatment under plain wrapper. It gave me a soft, velvety, smooth and radiant complexion, and cured thousands of men and women, after everything else failed. Simply send name for generous 10 day, free trial offer of my secret home treatment. **W. H. WARREN, 440 Gray Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.**

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Let Us Help You

No craving for tobacco in any form after you begin taking Tobacco Redeemer. Don't try to quit the tobacco habit unaided. It's often a losing fight against heavy odds and may mean a serious shock to the nervous system. Let us help the tobacco habit to quit YOU. It will quit you, if you will just take Tobacco Redeemer according to directions. It is marvelously quick; thoroughly reliable.

Not a Substitute

Tobacco Redeemer contains no habit-forming drugs of any kind. It is in no sense a substitute for tobacco. After finishing the treatment you have absolutely no desire to use tobacco again or to continue the use of the remedy. It makes not a particle of difference how long you have been using tobacco, how much you use or in what form you use it—whether you smoke cigars, cigarettes, pipe, chew plug or fine cut or use snuff, Tobacco Redeemer will positively remove all craving for tobacco in any form in a very few days. This we absolutely guarantee in every case or money refunded.

Write today for our free booklet showing the deadly effect of tobacco upon the human system and positive proof that Tobacco Redeemer will quickly free you of the habit.

**Newell Pharmacal Company,
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FREE Anyone Book Can Learn to Play

Containing complete story of the origin and history of that wonderful instrument—the

SAXOPHONE

This book tells you when to use Saxophone—singly, in quartettes, in sextettes, or in regular band; how to play from cello parts in orchestra and many other things you would like to know.

The Buescher Saxophone is the easiest of all wind instruments to play. With the aid of the first three lessons, which are sent without charge, the scale can be mastered in an hour. In a few weeks you can be playing popular music. The Saxophone is the most popular instrument for Home Entertainment, Church, Lodge or School, or for Orchestra Dance Music.

Easy to pay You may try any Buescher Saxophone, Cornet, Trumpet, Trombone or other instrument 6 days in your own home. If satisfied, pay for it by easy payments. Mention instrument interested in when sending for Free Book.

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Secrets of beauty parlors revealed. Thirty easy lessons can make you expert in all branches, massage, packs, dyeing, manicure, skin work, manure, waves, bleach etc. in eight weeks. Study in spare time. Earn while you learn. Authorized diploma. Money back guarantee. 50,000 Opportunities. Get FREE book.

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Considered by Egyptians as almost Uncanny in bringing Good Luck To Wearer. Brought to you from Far Egypt, cut and polished in our own lapidary, suitable to be mounted in rings, etc., aside from its attributed Power, Very Curious in Appearance.

Please bear in mind that this is a genuine stone and nature's handiwork, and worth much more than we ask for it. Write at once enclosing \$1.00 bill or send name and address and same will be forwarded C. O. D. plus postage to

HUBATKA LAPIDARY
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HAVE YOU A CHARMING PERSONALITY? IF NOT, WHY NOT?

Test yourself. Self-revealing chart and Success Guide, 10c.

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Dept. X, Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.

them when they are done and won't permit them to be used.

Another likes to go to business men's banquets, but he makes himself a ninny by his constant refusal to get up on his two feet and say a few words. He simply won't do it.

One of the biggest New York houses using a combination of pictures and vaudeville, wanted one of our stars to appear in person, on the evening her latest release was to be run there. She consented at first, but later, having looked over the vaudeville bill, she refused because a certain vaudeville headliner was surely going to outshine herself.

Publicity Made Her

THERE is at least one actress in Hollywood who has been made by publicity. I don't mean made popular; lots of actresses have gone through that process. This girl has really been made into a real actress, by a psychological reaction to publicity.

For a long time we thought this girl had emotional possibilities. We knew she could act, if she would only let herself go. She didn't think so. She thought she was just a leading lady who got by because she was pretty. And so for several years she continued to be a pretty, pouting girl and that was all. We knew she believed implicitly in what the critics said. We took two of these gentlemen into our confidence, and induced them to write articles about her potential ability as an emotional actress. It happened that they shared in our belief in her, so they risked their reputation as "pickers" by heralding her as a real comer. The girl read the articles, gained confidence in herself, and is delighting everybody with her steady dramatic growth.

Small Fry Want Publicity Too

STARS are not the only difficult souls the publicity man must handle with care. All the small fry about the studio want publicity. Camera men and scenario writers press the subject. Every girl who ever did a script wants as much publicity as June Mathis gets. Mothers of screen babies are bears for publicity. When I am absent for lunch, people who do "bits" come to the office and swipe stills if we do not

lock our cases. And dozens of editors of tiny magazines that most people never heard of, come in for their share of attention and must be treated with the utmost courtesy. One can never tell when one of these little magazine editors will suddenly jump into a big easy editorial chair.

Giving the Big Boss an occasional dose of pleasing publicity is one of the hardest jobs on the lot. The public doesn't care a whoop what the owner of the plant looks like, and the newspapers care less. I always get around this difficulty by posing him with distinguished visitors to the studio, an admiral, an opera singer, or perhaps a Japanese diplomat.

We Hide Accidents

I THINK about the only guilty deceit we press agents practice today is an attempt to hide news of catastrophes. Aeroplane accidents usually reach the papers, for they are hard to suppress, but I know of many instances where a company has managed to hide the fact that players were hurt in mob or fire scenes. The studios have usually paid generously for hospital expense and compensation when a player was injured, and the publicity department has fibbed gallantly in denial of the affair.

Once a director at a studio where I was once employed, stole an entire episode from a current magazine story and used it in his picture. The author sued the company and got damages in court, but we managed to suppress the story in the papers. Another director made a whole town hate us. His assistants induced one hundred housewives to put smoke pots in their windows when a big fire scene was being shot. There was sulphur in the smoke pots and the entire town had to be repapered!

When a divorce or a scandal breaks in filmdom, the press gives it four times the space it allots to ordinary marital difficulties of simple citizens. Naturally, we try to suppress some of it, and to mitigate the fearful damage it does.

But on the whole, we press agents are sticking close to the truth. And if it weren't for a few cranky stars—and fussy directors—and suspicious editors, we'd have a pretty gay life of it. But it's not so bad, at that!

**DON'T FORGET to see the new
SEPTEMBER cover.**

Something Extra Special—Turn to page 8

The Spirit Lover

(Continued from page 93)

her father. "Dad" was Virgil Compson, and Betty was then Lucime Compson. Al Christie gave her the name of Betty, and she is very grateful to him for it, since she has been a success ever since she took it. "The vibrations of the name, Lucime, were not correct for me, but Betty suits me perfectly," she said, in explaining her name.

Her beloved "Dad" passed on, as Betty says, shying away from the ugly word "died". She was heartbroken, inconsolable. Then began the series of attempts of her father's spirit to communicate with her, by means of raps, ringing of doorbells, etc. "Sounds like fake seance clap-trap, but I'm deadly serious. Dad did try to comfort me by showing me that the spirit lives on. I felt his presence."

Another significant incident took place while Betty and her mother were living in Glendale, near Hollywood, after Betty had gotten into pictures. Betty was making an orchid lampshade, and her mother stopped in wonder, to look at the pretty picture the girl made as she bent over her sewing.

"You look just like your Great-Aunt Mary Larson," she told Betty. "She was fond of orchid, too, and I have often seen her in exactly that pose."

"Aunt Mary was the only actress the family could boast, and she was really a great artist. I jumped to the conclusion that I was my Great Aunt Mary reincarnated, and told Mother so. I explained that Aunt Mary had probably not finished her work in that incarnation and I had been chosen as the vehicle of her reincarnation, since it was my own overwhelming ambition to be a truly great actress. Then I playfully raised my hand and patted my own head, saying, 'Hello, Aunt Mary!' I was sitting in a chair on a small rug, beside a little wicker table. I give you my word of honor that the rug was jerked violently and that my chair was pulled an inch or so away from the table, and that the table shook. I ran to Mother, crying hysterically. I was frightfully upset, but I knew in my heart that it was Aunt Mary, protesting that I was not her soul reincarnated. I have never since believed that I was."

"If you are not your Aunt Mary reincarnated, who have you been in the past?" What a question, but not at all shocking or disconcerting to Betty. She knows the answer so well!

"It is a long story, how I found out about my previous existences in the flesh. I have been in spirit communication with Emory Rogers, a very dear friend, who died in a plane accident.

"I had always wondered just who I had been. I know that I have lived in Paris. I can see whole sections of it, when I concentrate. I know the names of streets, can visualize houses. When I go to Paris I have the greatest confidence in the expectation of being able to find my way about without a guide, as easily as I do in Hollywood. I have flashes of memory of those previous existences.

"One night when Emory Rogers was communicating with us—a girl friend, named Ethel—I'd rather not give her last name—I asked him if there was any way I could find out. He said there was a record of every soul's progress in evolution, and that the records were available to all—meaning those spirits who are temporarily freed of the flesh, and awaiting their future incarnations. I asked him to find out for me and he did. The next time we talked with him he said that he had found what I wanted to know. He said he could not tell me every phase of my existence, for it would take too long, but that two incarnations were especially interesting. He said I had been an English woman of high degree, and that my name had been Ursula Magnin. He told me some of the lessons my soul had learned in that incarnation, but that the most important was humility. Before that I had been a man, Paul Abernetty, an Englishman, whose great faults were a violent temper and extreme cruelty to his wife and children.

"Paul Abernetty had overridden his underlings, to use the very language that Emory Rogers used on the board."

Betty Compson Learns Humility

FOR it may be interesting to those of you who work the ouija board to know that Betty and her friend, Ethel, use a ouija board to communicate with departed spirits. Betty admits that it is not an esthetic method, but does not know of any other except automatic writing, with which she has had considerable success. But the strain of automatic writing is very severe and not to be lightly tampered with.

Betty explains the fact that she was forced by financial straits at one time to play the part of a nursemaid—in real life, not before the camera—by her theory of reincarnation.

"I was given the experience in this incarnation of being a nursemaid, so as to learn the reverse of arrogant power. As Paul Abernetty I had overridden servants. (Cont'd on page 104)



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Without starving, exercising, taking debilitating baths or drugs. Dr. Lawton's GUARANTEED Fat Reducer (not electric) reduces fat on any part of the body in 10-minute applications, night and morning.

DR. LAWTON'S Guaranteed FAT Reducer

and Illustrated Course on Weight Control showing how to stay thin after the Fat Reducer has done its work.

Your money back if it fails! If actual reduction is not shown taking place within 11 days, the full trial period, return the outfit and Dr. Lawton will give you back your money promptly.

Only \$3.75—Send No Money—Mail Coupon

Test the Reducer NOW on the Lawton GUARANTEE. Don't send any money. Simply fill out and mail the coupon. When your Postman delivers your Reducer, pay him \$3.75, plus a few cents post charges. If you send money in advance, add 20c for postage. That coupon is your start toward slimmness. Mail it NOW! If you want more information first, send for "How to Reduce—Mould Your Figure to Shapelessness."

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Send me Dr. Lawton's GUARANTEED Fat Reducer. On delivery I will pay Postman \$3.75, plus few cents post charges. If, after following directions 11 days, the Reducer fails to show actual reduction taking place, I will return the outfit to you and you will refund its cost promptly.

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for which I enclose \$1.00.

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No longer need you have a large bust. You can easily make your figureslim, beautiful and attractive. Put on an Annette Bust Reducer when you get up in the morning. Before retiring you will be amazed at the remarkable change. You can actually measure the difference. No pain—no rubbing or massage. Used by society women and actresses everywhere.

Send No Money Just send me the measurement of your Bust and I will send you in plain wrapper one of these remarkable bust reducers. Pay the postman only \$3.50 plus a few cents postage. Or send \$5.00 and I will send the reducer prepaid. Money back if you are not satisfied.

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The Beauty Slave

(Continued from page 80)

Those Baby Stars

A PERFECT example of the partiality of the motion picture camera in recording beauty is furnished by the group picture of the Baby Stars of 1923. The Baby Stars are the young actresses picked by the publicity writers as the most promising of the 1923 crop of thespians. These thirteen selected girls, young and beautiful on the screen, impress the candid observer at first meeting as a group of girls of the senior class at the high school, or the junior auxiliary of the Ladies of the Eastern Star. Just ordinary, reasonably pretty girls. Pauline Garon and Jobyna Ralston are the prettiest of the group, and off-stage Pauline is not at all overpoweringly beautiful. She is a bit too plump, and her husky voice contrasts strangely with her ingenue face.

Priscilla Dean is just as attractive when you meet her on the street as she is on the screen. She has a sparkle about her, a radiant personality that catches your attention at once. She would never go unnoticed in a crowd, though she is lady-like in demeanor and decorous in dress.

It is the Priscilla Dean type that is developing a new standard of beauty—the type that screens well. Flower-like complexions, soft silky hair and natural eyelashes go unnoticed by the producers. Strong features and decided coloring is what the camera wants.

So out come the henna pack and the peroxide bottle, the grease-paint stick and mascara brush. Natural loveliness is offered up on the altar of Fame. And after a little bit of powder and a great deal of paint has made the movie actress "look like what she ain't", does she, as she faces a disappointed public, regret her vanished prettiness? Does she loathe the brassy, bleached glow of the hair that once was a soft, natural brown? Does she lament the once soft skin, now ruined by constant use of make-up?

Perhaps. But probably not. For the adoration of the thousands who are still disillusioned, and the pleasurable consciousness of a \$2000-a-week contract make up for a multitude of minor regrets. The sacrifice was not wholly un-repaid.

WATCH!

for next month's SCREENLAND. See page 8 this issue. On sale August 1st. Wonderful new Cover

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SCREENLAND From Hollywood

September Issue Out August 1

CONTENTS

—PLEASE OMIT FLOWERS—

Unintelligent casting has killed more stars than the 'flu. How movie actors have been ruined, both deliberately and unconsciously, is revealed in this enlightening article.

—SORROWS FOR SALE—

Tears, love, even death's ravages are capitalized in the grim struggle for Success in the film game.

—THE BRAIN BOOTLEGGER—

Did you ever have a scenario stolen? When you read this smashing expose, you'll know how the trick was turned.

—THE DEAD DO LIVE—

Can they ever come back, the stars of yesterday? The writer of this article says they can—and proves it.

—BLACKMAIL!—

Hollywood is the blackmailer's Paradise. If the movies are the fourth largest industry, blackmailing is the fifth!

—MOVIE HUSBANDS—

Who are they, and why?

—LYNCH LAW IN THE MOVIES—

When public opinion turns against a star, it's thumbs down for him.

—THE YES BLIGHT—

How do the movies get that way? The "yes men" of the industry have something to do with it.

—THE CORNER OF LAST HOPE—

Comedy studios are the last resort of motion picture aspirants. Over the doorway might well be blazoned, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

—HOLLYWOOD CO-RESPONDENTS—

Wives looking for divorces keep an eye on hubby when he visits Hollywood.

—CAREERS, C. O. D.—

Like the lady in the mellerdrammers, actors who get work through agents find that they have to pay and pay and pay!

And half a score of other fascinating features, profusely illustrated.

SCREENLAND MAGAZINE

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The Gossip Mart

(Continued from page 71)

another garcon. He, too, did not know Mrs. Washburn, perhaps.

"No, no," said we. "We saw Mrs. Washburn on the Orpheum circuit and her hair was brown. That woman is not Mrs. Washburn. Some hussy is trying to break up a home. Besides, husbands don't smile into a lady's eyes that way when she is merely a wife."

So we called the head-waiter. "Oh, that is Mrs. Washburn. *Mais oui*, of a certainty. She is playing in a picture, which is ze why of the blonde weeg, madame."

We left that place, sadly pondering the advisability of moving to Zion City, where there is some real dissipation.

Nuptial Notes

WHEN JACK Daugherty became Mr. Barbara La Marr Number Five, a tactless congratulator of the couple gushed to Barbara, "Many happy returns of the day!"

Which reminds us that Barbara and Mr. Daugherty were members of a box party that helped to make Margaret Anglin feel welcome when she presented her magnificent play, *The Woman of Bronze*, at the Mason Opera House.

That famous second act proved too much for Barbara. She retired to the dressing room to repair damages to her complexion, for tears had mussed up the mascaro considerably. And Barbara, fast becoming the most famous charmer on the screen, remarked feelingly, "I would love to say to Margaret Anglin that Barbara La Marr would give ten years of her life to be able to give to the screen what Margaret Anglin gives to the stage in that second act."

An obliging friend of Barbara's who had an invitation to see Miss Anglin after the second act took the message to America's greatest emotional actress. Miss Anglin did not shrug and say, "Who is Barbara La Marr?" But she did say, "Tell her she can't take my voice away from me! That is all the screen has left us—our voices! They can't take that away from us!"

Howard Hull, Margaret Anglin's husband and manager—stage manager, we mean—loves to "kid" his stately wife. He remarked to the Tatler: "Margaret had an offer of eight thousand a week from Douglas Fairbanks today!" Then after the ripple of applause had died down he continued, patting his wife on the shoulder and winking at his amused audience, "Doug offered her that sum to stay off the screen. He's afraid she'll put a crimp in Mary Pickford's business."



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The Spirit Lover

(Continued from page 101)

A master in one life, a servant in the next, to round out the soul, and to chastise it for the abuse of power. This theory of reincarnation explains everything so beautifully. Everything! I am glad now," says Betty with shining eyes, "that I was a nursemaid. My mother was never reconciled to the poverty we knew after my father's death, but we needed it for the sake of our souls. It certainly keeps me from getting upstage when I look back on the ten years that have followed my first job—taken as a player of the violin in a cheap orchestra when I was fifteen."

Betty Compson has had the supreme happiness of having kept in communication with the man she loved above all men—George Loane Tucker, according to her strange and almost fantastic story of communication with departed spirits through the ouija board.

Betty's Spirit Lover

PERHAPS George Loane Tucker's discoveries on religion, made since his joinings of the spirit world, and revealed to Betty Compson through the ouija board, according to Betty's story, will be interesting, even if a bit startling.

"I asked G. L. T., as I always called him, about religion," Betty declares. "What is the real religion, G. L. T.?" I asked. He replied, "There is no cult on this side, but "service and brotherly love". As any religion approaches that ideal, it becomes a real religion; the God is not what we conceive him to be on earth. He is merely the essence of Love, of Service, of Intelligence. He is a part of all, open to all, confined to no plane." I ask him about Christian Science. "Poor misguided Mary Baker Eddy! She is learning now!" was all he said. Then I asked him about theosophy, in which I have been interested in my quest for a workable religion. "Theosophy has gone far, but it is not perfect. Take the good and discard the foolish," he said. "Evolution is the guiding principle in life—in all its stages. The evolution of the soul is the supreme phase of evolution. The world is held in check by fear. Help to break the bondage by believing fearlessly yourself!"

Betty firmly believes that George Loane Tucker is still her best friend, in spite of the fact that his body is dust.

Whether Betty Compson and Mary Pickford are wrong in their beliefs or not, they are happy in them. And they are not alone in this belief in communication with departed spirits and in reincarnation.

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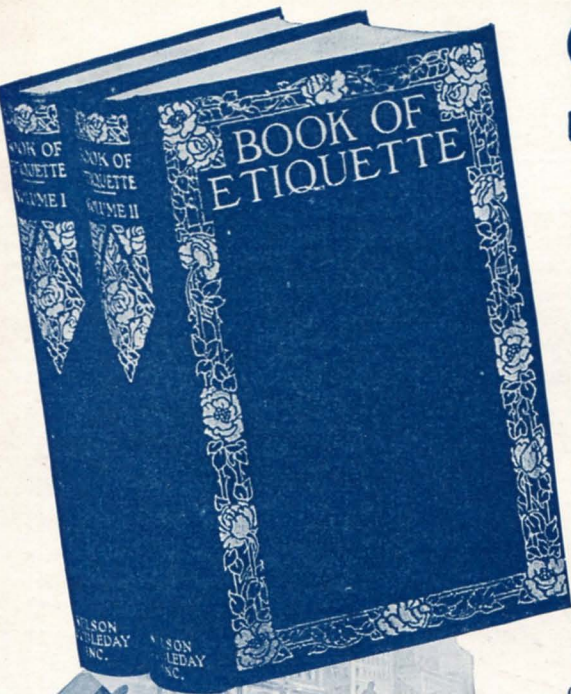
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Can you stand the scrutinizing glance of your admirers at the beach?

Can you wear sheer summer frocks which expose your arms, underarms, back and limbs?

You can enjoy the summer and the freedom of the beach if you are not tormented by a few unsightly, unwanted hairs.

Don't permit the use of ordinary depilatories to strengthen any hairs you have. Now you can destroy them by quickly and gently lifting out the roots with ZIP.

Women of judgment have learned to distinguish between surface hair removers,—and ZIP which attacks the cause under the skin.

ZIP

IT'S OFF
because
IT'S OUT

ENJOY THESE DELIGHTFUL PREPARATIONS

Madame Berthé Super Massage and Cleansing Cream—Guaranteed not to grow hair. Jar, . . . 60c
Large size jar (½ pound) . . . \$2.00

Madame Berthé Anti-septic Talc—Delightfully fragrant; absorbs moisture. Can. 25c
Beautiful glass jar . . . 75c

Balm-o-Lem—A FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH FOR YOUR SKIN. The new lemon lotion. Softens and whitens the skin. Bottle 75c

Ab-Scent—The ideal liquid deodorant. Remedies excessive perspiration. Destroys odors harmlessly. Colorless (contains no staining artificial colors). Bottle 50c

Lash-Life Beautifies the eyes. Tube 50c

Antiseptic and Astringent—Very effective. Bottle 50c

Face Powder—Guaranteed not to grow hair. Five shades. Box \$1.00

ZIP is easily applied at home, pleasingly fragrant, quick, effective, painless and absolutely harmless. It leaves the skin soft and smooth.

**Not only removes hair—
but checks its future growth.**

Ladies everywhere are now using ZIP for destroying superfluous hair on the face, under arms, limbs and body. *Guaranteed* on money back basis.

Avoid imitations which stick to the skin and are not effective. Leading Beauty Shops give ZIP treatments. Do not be deceived. See that the word ZIP is stamped right on the preparation used for your treatment.

Write for **FREE BOOK** explaining the three types of superfluous hair, or when in New York call at my salon to have **FREE DEMONSTRATION**.

ALL GOOD STORES or By Mail.

Madame Berthé

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Please send me **FREE BOOK** "Beauty's Greatest Secret" explaining the three types of superfluous hair, and in which leading actresses tell how to be beautiful. Also a **FREE** sample of your Massage and Cleansing Cream, guaranteed not to grow hair.

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